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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

VOL.XXX NO.6

APRIL 1918

"I ran to help you when I saw you creeping out of the wreck."

Elwood bound the Officer hand and foot.

Before they realized what they were doing they were kissing.

"Start the propeller Herr Borfeld."

Published at
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

In the Enemy's Airplane

see page 9

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COMFORT
EDITORIAL
THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Don't Sell Your Liberty Bonds—Save and Buy More Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps

SHORTLY before going to press we received official notice that the Government is to launch the campaign for the next Liberty Loan on April sixth because that day is the anniversary of the declaration of war by Congress. The rate of interest and other details of the bonds are not stated but will be announced as soon as definitely determined. One thing is certain, that the coming issue of Liberty Bonds will be a desirable investment for anybody and especially for the small investor. Everyone is urged to subscribe for as many of these bonds as possible as a patriotic duty to help our Government carry on the war vigorously and hasten it to an early and victorious conclusion.

But in this connection Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo cautions against subscribing with the intention of selling again. He says: "One who subscribes for a Liberty Bond and gets credit as a patriot for doing so is not acting patriotically if he immediately sells that bond, that is, unless he imperatively needs the money. It is not the mere subscription that helps the Government, it is the actual loan; shifting the bond to some one else does not help.

"The same objection lies to exchanging Liberty Bonds in trade. Merchants offering to take Liberty Bonds in exchange for merchandise are doubtlessly actuated by patriotic motives, but such transactions tend to defeat a primary object of the bond sale, the encouraging of thrift and the discouraging of expenditures. Bonds so exchanged are in most cases immediately sold on the open market, which tends to depress the market price and affect adversely the sales of future issues.

"It is one of the great objects of the Treasury Department to have these bonds held as permanent investments by the people and paid for out of savings, thus at once providing funds for the government and conserving labor and material.

"There are the soundest reasons for holding Liberty Bonds. Their quotation under par on the stock exchange means a loss only to those who sell. The financial history of the United States shows that in times of peace all of its bonds have gone above par, some as high as 139." He gives convincing reasons for "the belief that our Government bonds are the safest investment in the world and with the restoration of peace conditions will command a handsome premium in the market."

Invest your savings, your spare cash, your ready money in Liberty Bonds or in Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps. Buy all you can with ready money. If you have not the ready money when the next Liberty Bond offering is made, and you can see a way to save the price of a bond in the next six months or a year buy one on the installment plan. Any bank will arrange for you to pay on the small weekly payment plan. Or, if you prefer, buy a 25-cent Thrift Stamp with every quarter you can save; and when you have sixteen exchange them for a five-dollar War Savings Stamp which is the same as a five-dollar Government bond and bears interest at four per cent. You can obtain either kind of stamp of your postmaster or of your Rural Delivery carrier. Ask him for printed circulars giving full information about these stamps. You can also buy the Liberty Bonds through your postmaster or any bank or express office. Teach the children thrift and patriotism by inducing them to save their pennies to buy Thrift Stamps. In order to win this war we must all save food, save fuel, save in every way possible consistent with health, and loan the Government the money which results from all savings. The very least that we, who remain safe at home, can do is to labor to the limit of our strength to increase production, and economize in every possible way to save in order that our savings of food, material and money may furnish food, clothing and ammunition for our young men who have gone to France, many to make the supreme sacrifice, to keep the cruel, barbarous, detestable Huns from maiming us, ravishing our women and desolating our homes. The utmost that we can do here is indeed a mere "bit" compared with the smallest sacrifices they are making over there. He is a contemptible traitor who would shirk any part of his duty to help our soldiers win the war as quickly as possible.

Benefits of Extending Your Range of Social and Business Intercourse

OUR country is so great, with such diversity of climate ranging from humid to arid and from semi-tropical to semi-frigid, with such an infinite variety of mineral, agricultural and manufactured products, all resulting in so many different habits of life and means of making a living peculiar to the many different localities, that to travel and visit all parts and become acquainted with the people of all sections is an education of great practical value. Ours is the wonder land of immense natural resources and great opportunities for those who have the knowledge, the aptitude and the enterprise to grasp the situation at hand or to go where they can apply their skill and labor to the best advantage. Though comparatively few can afford the expense and time to travel far and wide to see it all, it is within the means of everybody to acquire a useful knowledge of all these things and to make the acquaintance of good people in any and all parts of the country through certain magazines of nation-wide circulation.

Our own magazine, COMFORT, is a notable illustration. Each month it enters more than one and a quarter million homes; it is distributed from every post office in the United States and goes out on the thousands of rural delivery routes that radiate therefrom. It has regular subscribers in Alaska, the Canal Zone, Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines and in Canada. One of its most popular, interesting, instructive and useful features is that through our "Sisters' Corner" and "League of Cousins" departments our readers are introduced to good people in every walk of life and in every section of our own country and in these outlying regions. In their published letters they describe themselves, their families, homes, surroundings, manners of life, the country, the climate, natural resources, agricultural products, local industries, opportunities and social conditions. They exchange ideas on topics of general interest and to their mutual benefit, not only through their published letters but many, who have thus become acquainted, have formed cherished friendships through personal correspondence with far distant subscribers.

Thus the Comfort Sisters and Comfort Cousins, North, East, South and West, hundreds and thousands of miles apart are brought together in thought and sympathy and unity of purpose and aspiration for mutual helpfulness in mental, moral and spiritual uplift as well as for the betterment of their material welfare. All this, besides the instructive and entertaining matter conveyed in the various other departments of our magazine, has been made possible by the cent-a-pound magazine postage rate having been level and uniform throughout our entire country and its dependencies, which has enabled us to send our publication at the uniform, low subscription price to all our subscribers, however far distant, anywhere in Uncle Sam's dominions. We have given our subscribers the benefit of the level postage rate.

The new zone rates of magazine postage which will begin to go into effect in July, unless previously repealed by the present Congress, will ultimately raise our postage on COMFORT from fifty to nine hundred per cent, according to distance, and necessarily will compel us to make a corresponding increase in our subscription rate. The blow is deliberately aimed at the magazines that have a nation-wide circulation with the malign purpose of crippling or destroying them. The local papers whose small circulation is mostly within the first two zones will scarcely be affected because the increase in postage rate in the first two zones is only half a cent a pound while beyond that it increases with distance ranging as high as ten cents a pound in the eighth zone. The local papers and magazines are all right in their way and serve a useful purpose, but manifestly they never can serve the same purpose as the magazines of nation-wide circulation, such as COMFORT. Those of small circulation can not afford to pay the price of high-class editorial and literary matter, and even if a large local circulation enabled them to command high-grade editors and staff writers they could not put their readers in touch with distant subscribers, because they do not have them. Necessarily a local paper gives you less for your money and it can not give you a wide range of acquaintances and correspondents. If you object to being discriminated against by the Government because of your location; if you are opposed to the ruthless destruction of the low-price magazines of large circulation; if you favor equal and uniform postal privileges for all sections of the country, sign and circulate our petition to Congress printed on page 14.

Don't be deceived by the pretensions of those enemies of the magazines, who would keep the people in ignorance, that the government can not afford to carry these publications long distances at the old rates which have been in effect for nearly forty years and which are four times the Canadian magazine rates. The U. S. Post-Office Department made a clear profit of nearly ten million dollars on last year's business. They talk about saving expense to the Government by cutting down the circulation of the magazines. It is preposterous. All the post offices and all the postal routes have to be maintained, and if the magazine circulation is cut out or largely diminished by prohibitive zone rates the Government will lose just that much direct revenue besides the incidental loss of an immense revenue from letter, money order and parcel-post business created by the magazines and the advertisements they carry It costs the Government just the same to maintain your rural delivery route regardless of whether the carrier handles one or a hundred pieces of mail on a trip, and the more mail he carries the more revenue the Government gets out of it. That is evident.

The Eyes of Our Navy

IF you have a pair of field glasses, *binoculars*, or a good spy-glass, tag it with your name and address, pack it securely and send it to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. Thousands of them are needed for the use of our officers and lookouts on our hundreds of new submarine-chasers, and as the market supply has been exhausted and they can not be obtained in sufficient numbers from the manufacturers the Government is appealing to the people to loan theirs to the navy. Don't send opera glasses or toy telescopes, but if you have a good field glass, spy-glass or binoculars, send them at once as directed. If found to be unsuitable they will be returned to you immediately. If they are what is wanted you will receive an immediate acknowledgment enclosing one dollar for the loan, and at the close of the war the glass will be returned to you to be treasured as a valued souvenir. If, however, it is lost or destroyed through a casualty of war, instead of its return you will receive notice of that fact and will have the satisfaction of knowing your glass has served to do battle with the sneaking German sea-wolves and to safeguard the passage of our troop ships and supply ships.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Subscription price in United States and United States Possessions 25c a year; Canadian subscriptions 50c a year, foreign countries 75c a year. No premiums or prizes will be given on Canadian or foreign subscriptions. Please send your renewal just as soon as your subscription expires. *We can not continue sending COMFORT to you unless you do.* If you do not get your magazine by the 25th of the month write us and we will send you another copy free. Please notify us immediately in case you move, so that we can change your address and see that you do not miss a single copy. Remember that we *must* have your *former* address, as well as your *new* address to make the change. Be sure to send *both*. We do not supply back numbers.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Pincushion Cover Design

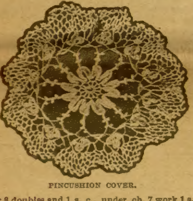
A CROCHETED cover such as here illustrated is very pretty over a round silk covered cushion. The work is begun in the center, and worked outwards to the clover leaves and back to center, then the edge completed by working round and round. Use No. 30 mercerized crocheted cotton and No. 12 steel crochet hook.

Begin with ch. 8 and join in a ring. For the first round make 12 single crochets in the ring.

2nd round.—1 d. c. in each s. c. with ch. 2 between, join.

3rd round.—Ch. 14, 1 d. c. under each ch.

4th round.—1 s. c., 13 d.c., 1 s. c., all under ch. Ch. 7, sl. st. back in 4th st. to form picot. Ch. 7, 1 picot, ch. 18, sl. st. in 9th st. from hook. This forms little loop seen in center of clover leaf. Next ch. 5, 1 s. c. in this loop, ch 7, 1. s. c., ch. 5 and 1 s. c. both in same loop. Now to finish clover, 1 s. c. under first ch. 5, followed by 8 doubles and 1 s. c., under ch. 7 work 1 s. c., 10 d. c., 1 s. c. and under next ch. 5 work same as under first ch. 5. This completes the clover.



PINCUSHION COVER.

Ch. 15, sl. st. in 5th st. from hook, fill this ring with 20 singles, then ch. 10, make picot and sl. st. to 2nd picot made just previous to making the clover. Ch. 7, 1 picot, sl. st. to 1st picot, ch. 2, 1 s. c., 13 d. c., 1 s. c. under ch. opposite group of doubles first made. Repeat making 12 of these picots and clover leaf chains, excepting that hereafter when 2nd picot is complete, ch. 4 and sl. st. to ring below the clover, then ch. 14 and proceed as before directed.

For the Edge

Catch thread in top of a clover, ch. 10, 1 sl. st. in next petal to left, ch. 5, sl. st. in center of side of ring, ch. 5, sl. st. to next petal, ch. 10, repeat, working around each leaf in this way. Join to first st.

Ch. 3, 4 d. c. with ch. 2 between under ch. 10, ch. 5, 1 treble under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 treble under next ch., ch. 4 and 4 doubles under ch. 10, ch. 3, 4 doubles and repeat all around. Finish with a ch. 4, 1 d. c. between each d. c. with ch. 3 between, repeat.

Two more rows the same as the last, then finish with one row of ch. 5, picot, ch. 2.

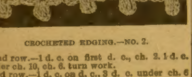
For the back of the cushion join thread in the bottom of the leaf, ch. 10, catch above hole, ch. 10, catch to bottom of next leaf, repeat and add 3 more rounds of chains of 9, with 1 s. c. under each ch.

Run a crocheted cord or narrow ribbon in the last round, slip cover over cushion, draw up and tie.

Hand-Made Spring Curtains

Scrim or muslin curtains may be made doubly attractive by adding a hand-made edge. Either of the two patterns illustrated for edging are very effective, but easily and rapidly made.

1st row.—Begin with ch. 15, 1 d. c. in 10th st. from hook, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in first ch., ch. 6, turn work.



CROCHETED EDGING.—NO. 2.

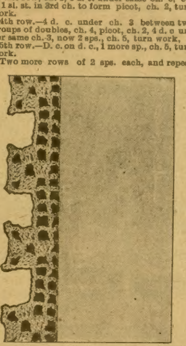
2nd row.—1 d. c. on first d. c., ch. 2. 1 d. c. under ch. 10, ch. 6. turn work.

3rd row.—1 d. c. on d. c., 3 d. c. under ch. 6 in last row, ch. 3, 4 d. c. under same ch. 6, ch. 4, 1 sl. st. in 3rd ch. to form picot, ch. 2, turn work.

4th row.—4 d. c. under ch. 3 between two groups of doubles, ch. 4, picot, ch. 2, 4 d. c under same ch. 3, now 2 sps., ch. 5, turn work,

5th row.—D. c. on d. c., 1 more sp., ch. 5, turn work.

Two more rows of 2 sps. each, and repeat pattern, or more spaces can be made between blocks on edge if so desired.



CROCHETED CURTAIN EDGING.—NO. 1.

No. 2.—Ch. 6, * 1 d. c. in third st. ch., ch. 3, 1 d. c. in first ch. from double, 1 d. c. in same st., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in same st. This makes 1 leaf or loop. Ch. 3, 2 d. c. and ch. 3, 1 s. c. all in same st., ch. 3, 2 d. c. ch. 3 all in same st., ch. 3, 1 d. c. again in same st., 1 sl. st. in third st. of ch. on top of first double, ch. 6 and repeat pattern from *. Nicely made of black knitting silk this is desirable for dress trimming, or for white or colored cotton adds to collars for gingham dresses.

Wild Rose Filet Yoke

Use white No. 40 mercerized crochet cotton and No. 12 steel hook.

Begin with ch. 56.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 6 st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in every third stitch making 17 spaces, ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on next to last double in first row, * ch. 2, 1 d. c. on next d. c., repeat from * making 5 spaces, 7 d. c. over next 2 sps., 3 sps., 7 d. c., 5 sps., ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—4 sps., 4 blks. by working d. c. over next space, 7 d. c. and sps. following 1 sp., 4 blks., 4 sps., ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—Same as 3rd row.

5th row.—2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp. 2 blks., 2 sps., ch. 5, turn.

6th row.—1 sp., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, sk. 1 sp., 1 blk. in next st., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—1 sp. 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5, 1 d. c. under ch. 3, ch. 5, 1 blk., ch. 3, 4 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, turn.

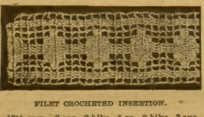
8th row.—2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5, 1 s. c., under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c., under next ch., ch. 5, 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., ch. 5, turn.

9th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. ch. 5, 1 blk., 4 sps., ch. 5, turn.

10th row.—2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 chs. of 5 with single between, 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., ch. 5, turn.

11th row.—1 sp., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 1 sp. ch. 5, turn.

12th row.—1 sp., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, turn.



FILET CROCHETED INSERTION.

13th row.—2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., ch. 5, turn.

14th row.—4 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 4 sps., ch. 5.

15th row.—Same as 14th.

16th row.—5 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps.

This completes the motif of figure. Make four rows all of spaces and repeat pattern for first eight rows, finish this row with ch. 12, turn, make two sps. and then same as 9th row. Next row has spaces over these extra spaces, then ch. 12, turn and make 2 sps., work in this way, adding two extra spaces every other row until 12 spaces have been added, then begin to repeat pattern from 2nd row, making 9 sps., between 2nd and 3rd groups of 7 d. c.

Continue to work pattern having one motif above the other and adding 2 sps. to point every other row as shown, center is 3 rows of 2 extra sps., then decrease in work to match side of the point finished.

For the back and shoulders make strip of lace of the proper length and join together as shown.

The edge on neck sides is made as follows; Tie thread in corner, ch. 3, 3 d. c. in second space, ch. 3, 1 sl., st. to form picot, 3 d. c. in next space, ch. 3, sk. 1 sp., 1 s. c. in next sp., * ch. 3, sk. 1 sp., 3 d. c., 1 p., 3 d. c., in next two spaces, ch. 3, sk. 1 sp., repeat from *.

Filet Crocheted Insertion

Make a foundation chain of 35 stitches, turn.

1st row.—Sk. 6 sts., 1 d. c. in each of next 3 sts., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. in next st. Repeat twice, 1 d. c. in each of next 3 sts., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. in next st. Repeat twice, 1 d. c. in each of next 2 sts., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. in first st. of ch., ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. over each of first 3 d. c. in 1st row, ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. over next d. c., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. over next d. c., 3 d. c. over ch. of 2, 1 d. c. over each of next 4 d. c., 3 d. c. over ch. 2, 1 d. c. over d. c., sk. 2. Repeat once, d. c. over next 2 d. c., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. at end of row, ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 d. c., over each of 3 d. c., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. over d. c., 3 d. c. in sp., 1 d. c. over each of next 12 d. c., 3 d. c. in sp., 1 d. c. over d. c., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. over each of next 3 d. c., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. over d. c. at end, ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—Same as second.

5th, 6th, 7th. rows.—Same as first. Repeat from first row to length desired.

This design may be used as an insertion. Either coarse or fine it is very pretty for pillow slips, curtains, towel ends, etc.

This design made up of either coarse or fine crochet cotton in white or colors, is suitable for pillow slips, curtains, towel ends or yokes.

A corner may be turned as follows. Make the first change by completing a row corresponding to the third row, with 2 blks. instead of a blk. and a sp. as usual.

2nd row of corner.—4 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

3rd row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3.

4th row.—2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

5th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 6 blks., ch. 3.

6th row.—2 blks., 7 sps., 1 blk, 1 sp.

7th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3.

8th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

9th row.—1 sp., 10 blks.

10th row.—11 sps.

This completes corner, now working along on the side of the strip of insertion, proceed by making the next row, 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp. and repeat the pattern.

Handsome Filet Edging

This attractive design is easily and quickly made. Its employments are many as it is equally handsome whether made of coarse or fine thread. Use a steel hook of suitable size and linen or a hard twist Crochet Cotton. Begin by making a chain of 55 stitches, turn.

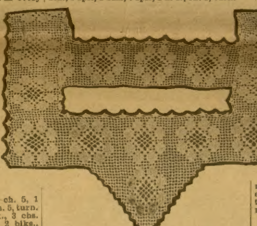
1st row.—Allow 3 sts. for the first d. c. in the block then 3 d. c. along the chain, work 16 sps. along the ch., 2 d. c. at end, ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on d. c., 16 sps., 4 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 blk. worked on ch. 5, 17 sp., 2 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—1 d. c. on d. c., 17 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5, turn.

5th row.—1 blk., worked on ch. 5, 6 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 7 sps., 2 d. c., ch. 3, turn.



WILD ROSE FILET YOKE.

6th row.—1 d. c. on d. c., 5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk,. 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sps., 1blk., ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—1 blk. worked on ch. 5, 5 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks.,5 sps., 2 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

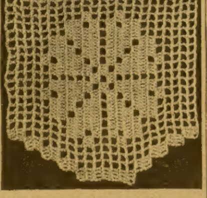
8th row.—1 d. c. on d. c., 3 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., ch. 5, turn.

9th row.—1 blk.,-on ch. 5, 4 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 3 sps., 2 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

10th row.—1 d. c. on d. c., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

11th row.—Blk. on blk., 4 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 5 blks., 3 sps., 2 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

12th row.—1 d. c. on d. c., 8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 9 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.



HANDSOME FILET EDGING.

Reverse the directions and work the second half of the design the same as the first beginning the second part with the 11th row and omitting the ch. 5 at lower edge and working the blocks upward (over spaces) until there are 16 spaces in row, 2 d. c. at top and 1 blk. at lower edge same as the second row of design. Repeat to length desired. If a turned corner is wanted make a perfectly square medallion of 18 spaces and work the motif used in the edging for the center of the medallion. Finish two edges of the medallion with close double crochet and join two plain sides of the medallion to the strips of edging. This is much newer, easier and prettier than the usual method of making turned corners in filet crochet.

GRACIA SHULL.

New Knitting Bags

This capacious affair is large enough for any piece of work, needles and all. One and one eighth yards each of material and lining will be required two dozen large rings and four yards of narrow ribbon. The length of the cloth, folded together makes the depth of the bag, while the ends are folded up and caught on the seams.

LARGE KNITTING BAG.

The Washing of Knitted Garments to Avoid Shrinking

Make a soap suds, using white soap and water just uncomfortably hot for the hands.

Allow the garment to soak for fifteen minutes or more according to whether it is much soiled or not. Then work over, simply squeezing the ends through do not rub, do not rub soap even on soiled places, use the suds only and never add any chemicals or washing powder.

Put garment through three or four fresh suds, of same heat and rinse in clear water to which a small amount of soap has been added as this keeps woolens softer than to rinse out all soap.

Squeeze but do not wring a garment with the hands, although a wringer can be used.

Shake out and drop in a pillow case. Hang in a breezy place; when partly dry lay out on sheet and pull edges into shape. Never hang up a *wet woolen or its weight will stretch out of shape.*

No hand-made garment should ever be washed without the greatest care. Remember that rubbing and wringing are both ruinous.

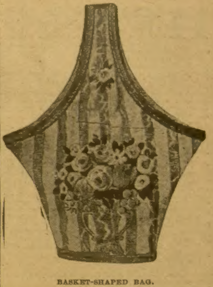
Pillow Sham Holder

Take a broom handle three feet long and cover it first with sheet wadding, then colored or white muslin, the colored muslins are pretty covered with flowered or figured lace or material the same as the curtains used.

Finish the ends with rosettes of narrow val. lace or ribbon as preferred. Use about two yards of ribbon attached to either end for hanging on either the inside or outside of a closet door as this holder is planned to hang the shams on at night.

Basket-Shaped Bag

This pattern makes a very attractive bag, especially if made up of material, which can be cut so that one motif only will decorate each side.



BASKET-SHAPED BAG.

The bag illustrated is of cretonne having a grey blue background with a deeper blue ribbon like strip.

The motif is a vase of roses and other flowers in pastel shades. The lining is of light rose pink sateen and all edges are bound with a dull gold braid, the result being an unusually attractive color combination.

The shape as shown measures as follows: From top to bottom, through center 18 inches greatest width 14 inches, graduating to eight

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

SIBYL'S INFLUENCE

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

Sibyl felt almost as if she were being dissected beneath a powerful microscope.

Raymond and Sibyl sailed by them in the dance.

"Miss Therwin, I ackowledge the wisdom of your remarks, and here is my hand to seal the compact."

He turned away, a smile on his lips, but a curse in his heart.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Prescott, wife of Sir Athelstone Prescott, and her son Raymond, while traveling by coach, lose their way, and night overtaking them, they stop at a miserable inn, in a little fishing village on Flamborough Head. They are attracted to a little girl, Sibyl, who waits on them. Her winning ways, her admittance of the cruel blows given by Mistress Sloan, and that her own mother would not do it, convince them that the innkeeper is not her father, and they determine to take the child away. Seeking Mistress Sloan, they learn that a woman who had been in a railroad smash up and injured leaves the child, who for weeks cries for Nansie. Mistress Sloan, for the consideration of thirty pounds, consents to let the child go, muttering she will keep her secrets. That night Sibyl is awakened and overhears Jem and his wife talking over the terms of the bargain, and through a chink in the wall she detects the place where an invaluable trinket, belonging to her, is concealed. The next morning she secures it. To Lady Prescott she traces three letters "S. H. S.," which she dimly remembers and which convinces Lady Prescott that the gem is Sibyl's, and by it she may be restored to her own people. Five years later, her nineteenth birthday, Lady Prescott introduces her to society. She clasps a beautiful chain, to which is suspended the trinket, around her neck, and with Raymond they seek the drawing-room, where with Lady Prescott Sibyl assists in receiving the guests. Raymond, watching and anxious, admits to his mother how beautiful Sibyl is, and that no one attracts him as she does, and that his mother has the first right to his confidence. She will like nothing better than to keep her children with her. Sibyl is introduced to Miss Ada Therwin, the adopted daughter of Count Egbert Shirley and the guest of General Maplewood. Seized with a sudden faintness, Miss Therwin is carried to a quiet room. Sibyl remains with her. Regaining consciousness, Miss Therwyn refers to the ornament Sibyl wears, and to her surprise discovers the letters S. H. S. interwoven in the jewels. To the query if it is an heirloom, Sibyl says she supposes it belonged to her mother. Asking permission from Lady Prescott for Sibyl's friendship, Miss Therwin promises to call. Sibyl has a strange distrust for her. Scheming to estrange her from the Prescotts, she calls on Lady Prescott, Sibyl and Ray and invites Sibyl to ride with her, and to further her plans, requests Robert to stop at the Widow Martin's, who does work for two orphan girls under her care at home. Sibyl's belief in Ada's work of charity arouses her interest, and, unsuspicious of her designs, Ada gains her confidence and the story of her early life, the vision of a beautiful face, the faint remembrance of her mother, the railroad accident and the hope that some day, through the ornament which so strangely affected Ada, she will find her. Arriving home, Ada plots the ruin of Sibyl and the winning of Raymond Prescott, and, offering five thousand pounds, enlists the aid of an unscrupulous woman, Judith, to be known as Sylvia Hortense Stillman. Raymond requests Sibyl to give her opinion on a picture he contemplates buying, and she goes with pleasure, but deprecates her opinion, feeling her littleness and Raymond's superior mentality. He begs her not to fear his criticisms or to shut him out in the cold.

CHAPTER XIII. (CONTINUED.)

His tone was both entreating and reproachful, and touched her deeply.

"Ray, I am ashamed of myself, and I have been very foolish and inconsiderate, if not selfish,'" she replied, with charming frankness, yet with an air of self-condemnation.

"Nay, I shall not allow you to say such things about the 'Princess of the House of Prescott.' You shall still hold your castle and keep your treasures, only you must let me come in whenever I wish and share their beauty."

"Ray, I have no 'treasures' of knowledge; I am only a simple and unlearned girl even now, notwithstanding my six years of hard study," she said, humbly and half regretfully.

He laughed.

"Then don't be so shy of me any more," he answered. "Let me find out what you don't know, and if there is a vacuum in your storehouse, I'll help to fill it."

"Then I shall be happy, and you shall have no cause to complain of me again," Sibyl answered, running away to hide the delight in her eyes, and to don her wraps for their proposed expedition.

She soon returned, and Raymond noticed at once the little Russia leather purse which he had given her so long ago, hanging from her arm.

There was not a scratch or blemish upon it, and the clasps were as fresh and bright as then.

"Are you always as careful of everything?" he asked, touching it gently with his finger.

"Yes, of my treasures," she said, flushing, and giving him a quick, sly glance.

His face grew tender at her words.

"You overestimated a little gift like that, I fear. But there is one thing which you have not been careful of."

"What is that?"

"The promise you made me when I gave you the purse—you have forgotten that."

"No, I have not; I never forget my promises," she returned, quickly, and then instantly regretted the words, for she knew that he would discover her little secret now.

"Sibyl," he said, with an inward start, and a quick, earnest glance into her face, "do you know to what I refer?"

"Yes," softly, with downcast eyes.

"May I look inside?" he asked again, touching the purse.

"Yes," once more, and the rich color flew to the velvet cheek.

He unclasped the purse from her arm, and opened it with fingers that were a trifle unsteady.

Within the different pockets there were several bills and a few pieces of silver—for Sir Athelstone was very generous with his lovely ward—and a tiny key with a little chain attached, which he instantly recognized as belonging to the bag he had given her at the same time.

The inner pocket was carefully clasped, and looked as if it were seldom used.

Raymond opened this, and within lay two small golden coins!

The sight of these, although he had half-expected to find them there, made him look very grave.

Had she kept the gold from a feeling of pride, and to avoid coming to him for money, or because he had given them to her and she prized them as his gift?

Without a word, he closed the purse and returned it to Sibyl.

"You see I did not forget my promise, Ray," she said, archly, yet somewhat troubled by his grave looks.

"I see," he answered, quietly; then added: "Is that the way you keep all your promises?"

"No, of course not. But are you not pleased that I have kept the gold?" she asked, with a suspicious quiver in her voice.

"That depends upon why you kept it. Was it because you were too proud to ask me for money?"

"That was one reason, Ray; I never could ask anybody for money," she returned, truthfully, though the confession came reluctantly.

His face brightened a trifle.

"And what were your other reasons, Sibyl, if I may know?" he asked.

"They were the first gold I had ever possessed in my life—you gave them to me, and I was really very happy to have them; but——"

"Well, princess?"

"I suppose you think it very foolish in me."

"Which?" Raymond asked, mischievously—"keeping them because you were so proud, or because they were your first gold and my gift?"

"Both," she answered, proudly, but with a keen pain in her heart.

She could not bear that he should laugh at her.

"Does it seem foolish to you, Sibyl?" Raymond asked, with a queer little smile, and a look that made her heart beat strangely.

"No; and I shall keep them just as long as I live, let others think of it as they may," she returned, lifting her head proudly, and with a trifle of passion in her voice, but the roses in her cheeks were very red.

"Little maiden, pardon—I did not mean to wound you," he answered, playfully, yet with winning gentleness; then added, "we will go and look at our picture now, and," with a tender cadence in his tones, "I will tell you afterward what I think of your promises and your foolishness."

His tones stirred her strangely, making her pulse beat to the sweet, wild music in her heart.

The picture which they went to see was one among a choice collection offered for sale by a noted artist.

Sibyl's shyness forsook her utterly as she gazed upon it. Her tongue was loosened, and Raymond could indeed find no fault with her unbounded delight, nor with the encomiums which she lavished upon it.

There were a number of other fine paintings among the collection, but nothing that impressed one like this; and, after examining them, they came back and stood before it again.

"I should never tire of it," Sibyl sighed, sinking upon a camp-chair to gaze at her leisure.

"That is all that I wanted to know, princess," Raymond said; and, leaving her sitting there, he sought the artist, and closed his negotiations for the picture on the spot.

When he returned to Sibyl, he found Miss Ada Therwin chatting gayly with her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with charming cordiality, as she gave him her hand, "how everybody flocks hither, like moths around a candle."

"Yes," Raymond answered, smiling, "there are quite a number of attractions here, although of rather a more substantial character than a candle."

"Which is your preference?" Miss Therwin asked.

"This one, since Sibyl has sanctioned it with her approval," he said, mentally comparing the two faces beside him.

"You have good taste, Miss Prescott."

"Thank you; but really I know very little—am a very poor judge of paintings," she modestly replied, adding: "I know, of course, when a picture pleases me, and this one impresses me; it makes me feel as if I were really upon those silent, star-studded waters, and could feel the soft, hazy atmosphere surrounding me. I think, too, as a work of art, it is very finely and evenly done."

"It is so spoken of, I believe," assented Miss Therwin, with a little shrug of her shapely shoulders at Sibyl's enthusiasm.

"I do not deserve, however, that Ray should give me the credit of his choice," Sibyl added, with a deprecating glance at him.

"Choice, Mr. Prescott!" exclaimed Ada, with a start, and turning to him with surprise, for she knew the enormous sum demanded for the picture. "Are you its happy possessor?"

"I expect I shall be, Miss Therwin, when the artist allows me to take it away."

"Then I shall beg permission to come and look at it whenever I like; and I congratulate you with all my heart, for it is a glorious thing."

Her manner was gracious and faultless, but her heart was filled with rage.

He had brought Sibyl to see it—it, perforce, needed Sibyl's sanction before he could complete his purchase.

"Thanks," Raymond returned. "I freely grant you the permission you crave, and am very glad you think so well of my purchase."

Hiding her feelings under a smiling mask, Miss Therwin gradually led him to speak of some of the other pictures, and detained him in an animated and quite lengthy discussion upon their different merits.

At parting, she said, with her sweetest smile:

"Sibyl, I think I have found some one who needs a little of the kind care and attention which you so long to bestow."

"Who is it?" Sibyl asked, eagerly, her beautiful face all at once aglow with interest.

"A poor woman, who, until now, has managed to keep herself very comfortable; but a recent attack of rheumatism has completely unfitted her for labor; consequently, her resources for getting a living are entirely cut off."

"Poor thing! How did you find her out?"

"I was visiting a little girl living in the same house with her, yesterday, and she told me about the 'poor lady upstairs who had nothing to eat.' I went up to see her, and she really appears like a very nice kind of a person—has evidently seen better days, and is quite depressed with her present destitution."

"Where did you say she lived?"

"I did not say, dear—how eager you are! But her home is No. 15 Algeria street, up two flights, first door, right-hand side. But," she added, laughing, as she saw Sibyl's face fall at this lengthy direction, "you can never find it yourself, and if you like I will call for you tomorrow, and take you to her."

"Oh, thank you—if you would, I should deem it a favor, and after the first visit I should not mind going alone. What is her name?"

"Mrs. Stillman. I judge she is a widow, and entirely alone in the world; though of course I could not discover so very much about her in one visit."

"No, certainly not."

After a few moments more spent in general conversation, they separated, Raymond and Sibyl returning home, and Miss Therwin to prepare more fully for her victim.

Their meeting had apparently been accidental, but such was not the case.

Ada Therwin had been out upon a shopping expedition, and upon coming out of a store on the opposite side of the street, she had seen Raymond and Sibyl enter the artist's studio.

She had discovered enough now to make her feel the necessity of hastening her plans, and of placing Sibyl at once beyond the reach of Raymond Prescott, if such a thing were possible.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DUC D'AUBIGNE.

That evening Sir Athelstone insisted that they should all attend the opera.

The entrance of their aristocratic party created no little sensation, both on account of the returned traveler—for Raymond caused an anxious flutter, especially among the feminine element, wherever he went—and of Sibyl's recent appearance in society.

Although it was somewhat annoying to Raymond to see so many lorgnettes leveled at his fair companion, yet he could not fail to experience also a feeling of pride and pleasure that her loveliness was thus appreciated.

And certainly tonight there was some apology for them, for one always turns instinctively toward the beautiful, in whatever guise it is found, and the young girl was supremely lovely.

Although she immediately gave her attention to the stage, yet she could not but be aware that she was an object of especial observation, and soon became very much annoyed by the steady and persistent glare of a large opera glass only a short distance from their own box.

She noticed that the owner was a rather distinguished-looking man, possessing a large and powerful frame, light complexion, having a profusion of light golden hair, and a flowing silken beard.

But his prolonged stare was insolent and disagreeable in the extreme, and Sibyl felt almost as if she were being dissected beneath a powerful microscope.

After the first act, she turned to Raymond, and said, with a little laugh, though her eyes shone with indignation and her cheeks glowed hotly:

"I should judge, Ray, that people in coming to the opera did not feel it incumbent to retain their good breeding."

"They do seem to forget themselves more than usual tonight, I admit," he replied; then added, with an admiring glance: "And yet, I must confess, that I think there is some excuse for them myself."

"*Et tu Brute!*" Sibyl returned, flushing a still deeper crimson. "But," with a troubled look, "I do not like it at all, Ray, especially from that man on our left. I wish I might change my seat."

"You shall, dear," he answered, in a tone that she alone could hear, and meeting her beseeching glance with a deep tenderness in his own.

While the lights were being turnd down the change was effected, and Sibyl was effectually screened from observation by the silken curtains, and sat where no one but Raymond himself could feast his eyes upon her; and henceforth the knight of the big opera glass was obliged to content himself with views from the stage.

But the charm of the opera for Sibyl was gone.

She heard the music, and knew it was good; she saw the different actors as they appeared and went through their parts, and seemed to be giving her undivided attention to them; but the music of those softly spoken words, "you shall, dear," rang in her heart and brain to the exclusion of all else.

As they were about leaving the opera-house, Raymond said to his mother:

"We have cards for Lady Wilton's assembly, have we not?"

"Yes; but do you wish to go at this hour?"

"I gave her my promise that I would be present for a while at least. However, if you are too weary, I will see you to the carriage, and leave you there, only——"

"'Only' what, Raymond?" queried the indulgent mother.

"I want Sibyl to go, too, and she cannot, of course, without a chaperon," and his eyes rested proudly upon his lovely companion.

"Would you like to go, Sibyl?" asked Lady Prescott, turning to her.

"If you please, auntie, unless, as Ray says, you are too weary."

"Oh, no, dear—I think, on the whole, I would like it also."

The fond woman would have gone to the Antipodes if Sibyl and Raymond had desired.

Arriving at Lady Wilton's, our party found her rooms already thronged with guests.

Sibyl was presented in turn to her ladyship, who instantly turned and introduced a gentleman standing by her side.

"Miss Prescott, allow me—the Duc d'Aubigne," she said.

Sibyl acknowledged the introduction with a graceful inclination of her small, proud head, and then raised her eyes to observe her new acquaintance more closely.

To her intense astonishment, she found the gentleman to be the same whose rude glance had so haunted her all the evening.

Raymond was also presented, and then quickly but quietly drew Sibyl to a distant part of the room, which again caused the duke to reveal his handsome teeth in a smile, which, to say the least, was "peculiar," if not child-like and bland!

"A lover of '*la emperess*,' perhaps?" he said to Lady Wilton, indicating Raymond with a wave of his right hand.

She shook her head, laughing.

"No, only a brother. Are you, too, taken by storm? Everybody seems to be growing wild over her beauty."

"Nay, not taken by storm, as you term it; nevertheless, the girl pleases me," he said, indifferently, as he gazed after the graceful, retreating form. "But you mistake; he is not her brother," he added, a moment after, turning to his hostess.

"Well, it amounts to the same thing; they have been reared together, although I believe they are in no way connected by birth."

"Then he is, or will be, her lover," quietly affirmed the stranger.

"What makes you think so?"

"I have seen too many cases of the same kind not to be familiar with the signs."

"Pshaw! I don't believe such an idea has entered Raymond Prescott's head. Why, he is years older!" exclaimed my lady, rather hotly.

Miss Clara Wilton, a young lady of twenty-four, was yet "in the market," somewhat to her anxious mamma's vexation.

"She is, however, the brightest star in your rooms tonight, Kate," returned the duke, with his eyes still fixed upon the young girl.

"I believe you are right, Arthur; Sibyl Prescott is very beautiful, and as good as she is lovely, I am told."

"That is not a dangerous symptom, I believe, and will wear off in time," retorted the nobleman, with a rather contemptuous shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Two things which might occur, if the young lady in question should happen to come in contact with you very often, Arthur," she answered, quickly, and with a mocking laugh.

Clearly Lady Wilton had not any too much confidence in the morals of her guest.

"Thanks, Kate. I shall interpret that as a compliment, since you give me credit for possessing some power over goodness," replied his lordship, serenely, as he walked away.

The Duc d'Aubigne was a bachelor of about forty, strikingly handsome, yet to a pure mind it was not a good kind of beauty; immensely wealthy, and not noted for his incorruptible morals.

He had only returned the day before from one of his many wanderings, therefore had never until this evening heard of Lady Prescott's lovely ward.

Another introduction he had that evening, also, although it proved to be an old acquaintance, for he had met Miss Ada Therwin in Paris two years previously, when a desperate flirtation ensued, and then, by mutual consent, was suddenly dropped.

While they stood talking together tonight of the past, Raymond and Sibyl sailed by them in the dance.

The duc d'Aubigne paused in his conversation, and watched the pure, happy face, the rosy shimmer of her silken robes, and the gleaming of the diamonds in her hair until they had passed from his view.

Then he said, as if speaking casually:

"A new star that, and—a very pretty one."

"Diamonds are always beautiful," observed Miss Therwin, dryly.

"But I had reference to the lady, not the ornaments which she wears," laughed the duke,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

The "Comfort" Sisters' Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson, Care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

THE modest little woman whose letter is given below, asks me to print her letter if it isn't too long. Just as though that would make the slightest bit of difference when it is one that means so much. It would be very selfish of me if I kept it to myself and did not let it make others as happy as it made me.

In the November Comfort she asked that the sisters send letters, cards, socks, etc., to her boy who had sailed overseas, and now comes the good news that he received one hundred and fifty letters the night he landed in France. Just think of that! It makes me feel that after all we are accomplishing something worth while. Wasn't that the best possible welcome for him, especially if the letters were cheery ones, calculated to make a man feel more a soldier than ever, and not the sob variety that are so depressing to all concerned, for, somehow, our sorrows seem almost unbearable when we read them, so it is the duty of every mother, wife and sweetheart to make her letters brave and cheerful.—Ed.

Melfort, Sask.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Sisters:

I must take advantage of the Sisters' Corner in dear old Comfort to answer the two hundred kind and cheery letters which I received in answer to my letter which appeared in November Comfort. I would answer each one individually if I could, but it is simply impossible, so please, dear sisters, accept my sincere thanks for the kind letters and the good books and magazines. I can never thank all enough, for the letters and parcels that were sent to my soldier laddie. He received one hundred and fifty letters the night he reached France, November 18, but he could not find time to answer all of them, but he wrote me how glad he was to receive them. I have not heard from him since Christmas but feel sure the parcels reached him all right.

My husband was discharged from the hospital some time ago but will never be very strong again. My health is fine this winter, better than it has been for twenty years.

If this letter isn't too long, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, please print it.

Mrs. H. W. Englesby.

Fifield, Wis.

Comfort Sisters:

Hello there, girls, the old woman is shaking her feather bed and a high wind is scattering the contents all over northern Wisconsin but here in my log bungalow it's as cozy as can be. I've tossed several much-used sofa cushions on the floor by the heater and I'm among them. No, I'm not ten—I'm thirty-four, nearly six feet tall and resemble a garden rake, only more so. That snapping sound is the pine knots with which I've filled the heater. I'm very much alone as Mr. V. is a working man but Jip and I do not mind for we both love the solitude of the tall timbers and my magazine rack is well stocked, keeping me in touch with the world and its grand fight for a better future. Then there are the hens to visit, the cat to tease and letters to answer. We do not get our mail often, even in summer, but now the snow is very deep and letters are doubly welcome when they do come. I sew, crochet and knit, on the storm, days. Old Sol is one of my special chums and usually when he is out, I am also. I ski, hunt rabbits, trap, cut wood and care for the poultry. To save grain I decided, as an experiment, not to give the hens not a bit until noon, and they are laying the best ever. Instead, I wash and grind a half bushel of rutabagas and carrots for them. Of course they have dry bran before them in their self feeder, and rabbits to take the place of bugs. The vegetables are the small, unsalable roots and the rabbits are poorly flavored because of their poplar diet.

Why, of course, we help our husbands. I was bemoaning the fact that I couldn't earn a little money to help so my husband would not have to work so hard and he looked at me a full minute without saying a word, then splashed a handful of water in my face, playfully, and said, "Wake up, Tommy, about how much do you think I would have to pay for meat and garden truck if you didn't raise chickens and an acre of garden. My meals are well cooked and on time," he added, "and you never scold unless I need it, so I think I am pretty lucky as things are."

After that speech I became a different woman. He has never seen me at the breakfast table with uncombed hair or a sour, turned-down mouth. I can't take boarders, or even washings, away back here in the woods, but I can make this little log house just ring with good cheer, and when I read aloud while he smokes in the evenings, I know I am doing my bit. I am sure that whatever we do for ourselves helps others. Anyway, I love to raise chicks and to garden and I would do it had I no one to help.

I'm afraid I grinned when I read your letter, Troubled Wife. We've all climbed that mountain only to find it was a mole hill and we the poor blind moles.

Give a knife to a boy and he will fondle it and look at it forty times a day, for a while—then he puts it in his pocket and apparently forgets it, but just try taking it away from him again and you'll find that he loves that knife just as well as ever. Better, in fact, for he is used to having it and wouldn't be without it. Of course if the knife turned out to be no good, dull, rusty, nicked easily, and never did what perfectly good knives should do, why, there's other knives to be sure. But knife rhymes with wife and a boy is but a man in the making. However, if you are determined to be honied, petted and googooed at, you might try giving him a hug or a pet name once in a while as a sort of reminder, but, for the Love o' Mike, don't do it in public! I sneaked up and bit Daddie's ear a little once and though he said "Slush," he looked pleased, so I'm advising you to never give up until you've gained your point, but see to it that you don't copy that dull knife blade.

I think I will not discuss the war, for Uncle Charlie and I are of the same opinion and he can express it better than I. What's the use of having an Uncle if we don't use him?

Do you know that one can put an unbelievable amount of corn meal in the bread if it is made into a well-cooked, smooth mush first?

I've just made two very pretty muffs for little girls, from the backs of their old curly coats. Lined them with a piece of thick bed quilt and then with black sateen from an old coat lining. One I had to patch, and I trimmed the large three-cornered patch with pearl buttons. The other muff was trimmed with tassels. Am going to make one for myself from an old collarette of plush. I love to make pretty things, don't you?

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

WITH two wheatless days a week, (Monday and Wednesday) and one wheatless meal every day; one meatless day every week (Tuesday), and one meatless meal every day; Saturday porkless and every day a fat-saving and sugar-saving day, the ingenuity of the housewife is pretty nearly taxed to the utmost, but some of them seem to have risen to the occasion, as shown by the wheatless and meatless recipes that have been sent in by the good sisters.—Ed.

Potato Soup.—Six potatoes, cut in quarters, two onions, minced fine. Boil fifteen minutes in three quarts of water, then add dumplings made as follows: Two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, mix with water to make a soft dough and drop in soup. Cook fifteen minutes longer.—Ed.

Vegetable Soup.—Two cups of shredded cabbage, two cups of sliced potatoes, two cups of onions, one cup of bacon, cut in small pieces. Add three quarts of water and boil one hour. We think this is very good. Mrs. Elizabeth Wainright, Lisbon, Ohio.

Cream of Onion Soup.—Put three large onions through the food chopper and cook the pulp and juice in three teaspoons of butter until brown. Have ready a quart of milk, scalded in a double boiler add the onions and a tiny pinch of soda and cook until creamy. Season with salt and pepper and thicken with cracker or bread crumbs.—Ed.

Meat Loaf.—Take the meat from a soup bone or scraps from any cooked meat, grind fine, and to a cup and a half of meat add the same amount of bread crumbs, moisten well with milk or water, season to taste, form in loaf and bake till brown. Serve with gravy. Mrs. A. K. H., Thorsby, Ala.

Meatless Meat Loaf.—One cup of ground carrots, one cup of ground peanuts, one cup of cooked rice, one cup of strained tomatoes and two cups of ground bread crumbs. Mix well, season to taste and bake in buttered pan two hours. Serve hot.

Mrs. Bailey, Charleston, W. Va.

Potato and Beet Hash.—To left-over cold boiled potatoes, add cooked vegetables, preferably cabbage, turnips or parsnips, with a generous portion of cooked beets from the boiled dinner. Chop all together, add salt and pepper, brown in beef drippings or simply heat thoroughly, without burning.

Mrs. J. A. Lovett, Monroe, La.

Bean Salad.—Two cans of white or kidney beans, three hard-boiled eggs, four chopped onions, six pickles, one half cup of vinegar, three teaspoons of sugar and salt and pepper to taste. Chop pickles, eggs and onions together, add beans and serve.

Mrs. A. Sprague, Farmer City, Ill.

Baked Fish-Balls.—To three and one half cups of mashed potatoes add one can of salmon, mashed into small pieces, one egg, beaten, salt and pepper to taste. Form into balls and dip each into melted butter. Place in oven until brown, turning so both sides will cook.—Ed.

Asparagus on Toast.—Wash carefully so not to break heads. Snap off white tough part. Tie in bunch and stand upright in kettle of boiling salted water. The steam will cook heads. Cook twenty to thirty minutes. On a hot serving dish put slices of oven toast, moistened and seasoned with pepper and salt. Arrange asparagus in a bunch and decorate with a band of boiled beet.—Ed.

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.

Sweet Potato Croquettes.—Mix together two and one half cups mashed sweet potatoes, three tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon milk, the beaten yolk of two eggs, one half teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Stir in double boiler until heated through; chill, form into croquettes, dip in beaten white of egg, roll in crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat, until brown. Drain on brown paper.—Ed.

Baked Haddock.—Get a medium-sized haddock and clean thoroughly. Make a plain dressing of bread crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper and sage, moistened with melted butter. Fill the fish with this and tie or fasten together to hold the dressing in. Put in baking pan with slices of salt pork laid across the top of fish. Pour over this a cup of milk and cup of water and bake about one hour in hot oven.—Ed.

Meat Cheese.—To one cup of cold boiled meat, chopped fine, add two cups of bread crumbs, one beaten egg and one half cup cheese; moisten with milk, season to taste with salt, pepper and sage. Press in baking tin and bake three quarters of an hour in moderate oven. Serve cold.—Ed.

Liver and Apples.—Fry slices of liver and place it on a hot platter and keep it hot while you are cooking slices of apples in liver fat. Cook until tender and serve with the liver.—Ed.

Escalloped Onions.—Peel and boil onions in salted water. Drain well and mix with a white sauce made of milk thickened with flour and seasoned to taste. Spread a layer of onions in baking dish and cover with bread crumbs, dot with small pieces of butter; add another layer of onions, with a thick layer of bread crumbs last. Bake half an hour in medium oven.—Ed.

Celery on Toast.—Use the best part of the stalks for table but do not throw away the scraps or tough parts. Cut them into small pieces and let them boil in a little water until tender. Have ready a sauce made of milk, thickened with flour, seasoned to taste, and a small piece of butter added. Stir the celery into this and serve on slices of toast.—Ed.

War Bread.—One cup of bran, one cup of Graham flour, one cup of white flour, one third cup of molasses, one teaspoon of soda, one egg, one tablespoon shortening, one scant cup raisins and enough buttermilk to make soft enough to form in pan with spoon. This makes one large loaf. Bake one hour.

Mrs. E. H. Steed, Berthond, Colo.

Meat Cutlets.—One cup of cold meat chopped fine, four tablespoons of corn meal, half a teaspoon of salt and a little pepper, one pint of boiling water and one egg. Stir the meat into the water and add slowly the meal and seasoning. Cook one hour, remove from the fire and let cool. Form into flat cakes and fry in hot fat.

MEAT CUTLETS.

Bran Gems.—Two cups of milk, one and one half cups of bran, one half cup whole wheat, one half cup bread flour, one egg, two tablespoons molasses, one teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon salt and one tablespoon butter. Mrs. J. E. D., Malden, Mass.

Oatmeal Pancakes.—Soak over night two cups of oatmeal in one pint of thick milk or buttermilk. In the morning mix in one half cup of corn meal, one half cup of flour, one teaspoon baking powder and one half teaspoon of salt. Last of all, add one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one half cup of hot water. An egg adds to these, but they are good without.

H. D. M., Sterling, Ill.

Bran Bread.—Mix together two cups of bran, one cup of corn meal, one cup of white flour, one cup of Graham flour, one teaspoon of salt and two tablespoons of lard. To this add one half cup molasses and two cups of sour milk in which has been dissolved one heaping teaspoon of soda. Turn into two buttered bread tins and bake about one hour in a moderate oven. One cup of raisins may be added, which improves the taste greatly. Mrs. A. J. Widrick, Frankfort, N. Y.

Peanut Butter Cake.—One cup of sugar, four tablespoons melted lard, one rounding tablespoon of peanut butter, one cup of hot water, a little salt, one heaping tablespoon of baking powder and Graham flour enough to make a good cake batter. Dissolve the peanut butter in the hot water.

Mrs. A. K. H., Thorsby, Ala.

Orange Pudding.—Put all but half a cup of one quart of milk into double cooker and bring to boiling point, then slowly stir in four tablespoons of cornstarch that has been mixed into the half cup of cold milk. Cook three minutes, stirring all the time, then add one tablespoon of butter and set away until cold. Beat four eggs very light with three quarters of a cup of sugar and a pinch of cinnamon and nutmeg, and then add to the corn-starch and beat thoroughly to a smooth custard. Turn into a buttered dish and bake half an hour. When cold, press sliced orange into the pudding and put sections over the top from which all the pulp has been removed, and, when served, over each portion pour a spoonful of orange juice.—Ed.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Fruit Buns.—One and one half cups sugar, one and one half cups of sour milk, two thirds cup of butter or other shortening, one cup of chopped raisins, one half cup of currants, two eggs, one half teaspoon each of all kinds of spices and one teaspoon of soda. Mix with flour to make batter a little thicker than pancake batter. Bake in good-sized baking pan. All raisins can be used if preferred and I have had good success by using only one egg.

Mrs. A. K. H., Thorsby, Ala.

1918 Cake.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter or lard, four level teaspoons of baking powder, three cups of flour, sifted, and one cup of water. Flavor to taste. If chocolate is preferred, stir in batter. Bake in layers. A. B. L., Kentucky.

Wartime Cake.—Cook one pound of raisins fifteen minutes in two cups of water. Add one cup of cold water when cooked. Take from fire and add the following: One and one quarter cups of molasses, one cup of shortening, one cup of chopped nuts, if preferred, five cups of flour, two teaspoons of soda, one teaspoon of baking powder and one teaspoon each cinnamon and cloves. Bake in two loaves. This is delicious and good for lunch baskets, as it keeps moist.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wainright, Lisbon, Ohio.

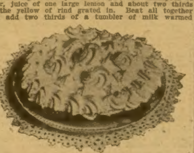
French Toast.—Slice bread and cut off the crusts. Have ready an egg, well beaten, one half cup of milk and a pinch of salt. Dip the bread in this and fry in butter until brown. Serve with syrup or jelly.

Raisin Turnovers.—Make a good puff paste, as for pies, and cut into squares. Beat one egg, add the juice of one lemon and part of grated rind, one cup of sugar, one cup of chopped raisins and two teaspoons of melted butter. Put a little of this on each square, fold corners over and bake in moderate oven.

Meat and Vegetable Hash.—Chop left-over meat, add cold boiled beets, cabbage and potatoes, chopped fine; season, moisten with milk and turn into frying pan in which has been melted one tablespoon of butter. Brown slowly and turn onto hot platter.

Rice Salad.—To two cups of boiled rice add one cup of beets, boiled and chopped, three quarters of a cup of celery, chopped fine, salt and pepper and serve with salad dressing.

Lemon Meringue Pie.—Four eggs, the yolks beaten up with eight tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoon of flour, juice of one large lemon and about two thirds of the yellow of rind grated in. Beat all together and add two thirds of a tumbler of milk warmed enough to melt one tablespoon of butter. Have ready a plate lined with pastry, fill and bake in a quick oven. Beat whites to a stiff froth and gradually add four tablespoons of sugar. Return to oven and slightly brown. Best eaten same day.



LEMON MERINGUE PIE.

No. 2.—Line a pie plate with pastry, prick to prevent it rising in center and bake in a quick oven. Make a filling of one heaping cup of sugar, grated rind and juice of one lemon, one beaten egg, one even tablespoon of corn-starch and a pinch of salt. Mix all together, add a cup of hot water and cook in a double boiler till it thickens. Pour mixture into cooked crust, pile lightly with meringue same as in above recipe, and lightly brown.—Ed.

Rice Omelet.—To one cup of boiled rice add two well-beaten eggs, three tablespoons of milk and a little flour. Have frying pan hot and well buttered, turn omelet n and let cook until light brown on under side. Place in oven a minute or two and serve.

Tomato Pudding.—To two beaten eggs add one cup of milk, two cups of dry bread, broken into small pieces, three tablespoons of melted butter, two cups of tomatoes and salt and pepper to season. Turn into buttered frying pan and cook slowly on back of stove for about twenty-five minutes.

Susanna's Filled Cookies.—One cup of sugar, one cup of shortening, one egg, two cups of flour, pinch of salt and two teaspoons baking powder.

Filling: One cup of sugar, one cup of raisins or figs, one half cup of chopped nuts, one tablespoon of flour, one half cup of hot water and one teaspoon of lemon. Boil until smooth. Roll out cookies, put in pan and put one spoonful of filling on each. Cover with another cookie, pinch edges together and bake.

Mrs. Lucy Parks, Millboro, N. C.

Apple Sauce Pie.—One cup of apple sauce, yolks of two eggs, one and one half tablespoons corn-starch, one tablespoon sugar and spice and vanilla to taste. Bake in one crust until firm. Use the whites of eggs for meringue. Mrs. Bailey, Charleston, W. Va.

Buttermilk Pie—Two cups of buttermilk, two eggs, two tablespoons of flour, one cup of sugar, small piece of butter, flavor with lemon. Bake in one crust and cover with meringue made of beaten white of egg and sugar.

Pumpkin Pie.—To four cups of pumpkin that has been stewed and put through sieve, add two tablespoons of butter, four eggs, one half teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of cinnamon, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk or cream. Mix well and bake in under crust. Mrs. Minnie Rice, Sedalia, Ark.

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Although I've spent over half of my life in cities and traveling over our country and Canada, I find the woods worth speaking a good word for these times. Cheap rent, fuel rotting on the ground, Nature's own health resort and kindergarten for the kiddies, and sweet peace for all. We are doing all in our power toward helping the Government just the same.

If this letter helps no one else it has, at least, given me a very pleasant chat and no one else got a word in edgeways.

I am a grown tomboy, I skate, slide down hill and snowball with all the youngsters and am very optimistic—when I haven't the toothache—and I invite others who were chipped from the same block to write me a letter of advice on—oh, any old thing that you think I need. I will try to answer you whether I swallow the advice or not, providing you don't advise me to keep still.

I'd like to tell you about the gifts I made for Christmas and am making now for birthdays, but my letter is getting too long, and I had so much more to say.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Pearl Vesey.

Pearl Vesey.—Your cheery letter is a regular ray of sunshine, brightening up our corner, and I know the sisters will enjoy it as much as I do. Come again and tell us how to make the Christmas and birthday presents you mentioned. We need all such helps.—Ed.

Magnet, Ark.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson:

May I say a few words to the sisters about gossip and slander?

The sight of a man or woman being tried by the courts for crime is always a shock to the law-abiding element. Yet how many of those who go through life without doing bodily harm to their neighbors, stain their tongues each day with the venom of gossip and slander. If you hear a bit of scandal do you let it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

No Political Axes to Grind

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY

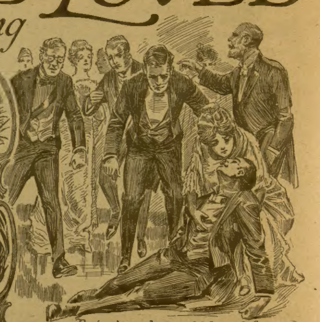
BOSTON U. S. A.

THE GIRL HE LOVED

by Adelaide Stirling

Something that had been on his lips died there.

"Even though I don't know what you are suspecting. Read those."



But when she would have lifted his head it dropped lifeless on her breast.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Annesley, stepmother to Sir Thomas and Ravenel Annesley, disapproves of Adrian Gordon, who is in love with Ravenel. Receiving an appointment to India Adrian seals his proposal and Ravenel's promise for an early marriage, by giving her a beautiful ring of diamonds and opals. Not daring to wear it she slips it on a ribbon on her neck. Ravenel bids Adrian good by, unconscious that their conversation, held near the edge of a quarry is heard by Lady Annesley's confidential maid. Four days later Ravenel receives a letter from Adrian that he will go to the Duchess of Avonmore's party and names the following day for their marriage. Lady Annesley, apparently anxious for Ravenel to make a good appearance at the party provides her with a new dress. Ravenel is unsuspicious of intrigue, but Sir Thomas, only sixteen, suspects the scheming woman and her designs on Lord Levallion, a former suitor for her hand, as Ravenel's future husband. Going to the party and not meeting Adrian, Ravenel, with a sob in her throat, wanders through the garden, where she meets Lord Levallion, not knowing it is he. Weary and wanting to go home he offers to take her there. Arriving home she hunts for the lost ring but does not find it. The next day Ravenal prepares for her wedding and waits for Adrian, who fails to meet her. Going home she enters the drawing-room, where she finds Lady Annesley and Lord Levallion, the latter telling her of his cousin Adrian Gordon's departure for India. The Duchess of Avonmore, to Lord Levallion's delight, takes Ravenal and Sir Thomas to her home. Ravenal is invited to Hester Murray's to lunch and at the instigation of Lady Annesley she gives Ravenal the impression that there is a Mrs. Gordon. Believing Adrian false she marries Lord Levallion. Coming from the altar, the groom sees a woman in black with a child clinging to her hand and wonders if Ravenal notices her. Three months later Adrian Gordon is reported missing. Lord Levallion goes to the War Office to learn the truth. Sitting alone on the lawn Ravenal sees Adrian Gordon standing before her and she catches the glint of a ring on his hand. Suffering from a shattered arm Lady Levallion catches him as he falls in a faint. He is carried into the house and the doctor stays with him that night. A lady calls to inquire for Captain Gordon and Lord Levallion is unable to determine where she lives. Riding alone, a new bungalow attracts his attention; going inside, he confronts Hester Murray, and advises her to leave the place and never to call on his wife. Ravenal hears Adrian in his delirium; going to him, she tries to soothe him. The doctor cuts the ring from Adrian's hand and gives it to Lord Levallion. He requests Ravenel to see Adrian and to give him his ring. She asks him where he got it and to show the letter. It is in town, but he repeats it from memory, the letter Ravenel writes Lady Annesley, when she sends back a ring Lady Annesley gives her. The treachery is clear to both. At dinner, Lord Chayter compliments Lady Levallion on her cook and the delicate flavor the almonds give the chicken. Suddenly he calls attention to a face outside the window and for an instant Lady Levallion fancies she sees a white face and gleaming eyes. Hester Murray, cast aside, determines to poison Lord Levallion's mind, and with mad thoughts running riot realizes what a fool she is to imagine Levallion was ever in love with her. Going to an alcove, the windows of which reach to the floor, she sees Lady Levallion turn to Adrian, and Levallion, coming upon the scene, catches the glimpse of a man with haggard eyes and sadness in every gesture. Hester Murray pleads with Levallion for his love and the care of the child. He denies everything—even the bread he would give a beggar. Mrs. Dameral suggests a fancy ball and the women to wear their favorite flower, and that night Adrian, who has never danced with the girl he loves, sees her in Levallion's arms.

CHAPTER XXI. (CONTINUED.)

"OH," said Ravenel, who had not seen him, "you're holding me too tight! And you're out of breath, Levallion."

"I am forty-seven," he returned, rather grimly, stopping by the lower door. "Now run off and amuse yourself. I must go and condole with Mrs. Damerel. Did you know she wanted me to send seven miles after dark for a bunch of mistletoe? In October!" and he deliberately, and of a set purpose, never turned his eyes towards his wife during the remainder of the evening, and when "kitchen lanciers" rent the air, retired, without ostentation, to the library.

It was dark and he turned on the electric light irritably.

"What did you do that for?" said the cross voice of Sir Thomas. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Levallion! I didn't know it was you." He rose from his knees at the window.

"Why are you praying instead of dancing?" inquired Levallion, casting himself into a chair.

"I was watching some one, Levallion. I wish you'd put out the light and come here. I'm sure there's some one trying to get into the conservatory."

The light went out as he spoke. Sir Thomas was much mistaken if Levallion did not swear; certainly he growned inwardly.

At first he saw nothing as he strained his eyes into the darkness, and then, against the soft, rose-colored glow of the conservatory, between him and it, he was conscious of a woman's figure. Somehow that restless, black shape touched Levallion's nerves.

"Stay here; don't say anything to any one," he said, very low, as if the woman could hear him. "It must be one of the servants, but I'll just find out!"

Whatever deviltry Hester had in mind should not be done. He would, from a safe screen of orange-trees, that would keep him from view of the people inside or out of the greenhouse, watch his chance, and make her understand that, though his lawyer had that day received his orders, a telegram tomorrow could revoke them. The woman was capable of anything—as he had good cause to know—and suppose she frightened Ravenel! Levallion was not long in getting to his covert. But though he stared through the leaves till his eyes ached, he saw no more of that prowling wolf outside; he was just going away, when two people sat down on a secluded seat not a yard away from him and effectually cut off his retreat. For as he hesitated for one second, he heard his own name, in Ravenel's voice.

"I tell you Levallion had nothing to do with it," she was saying angrily. "If I thought he had, I'd want to kill him—or I'd go with you."

"What did you want to ask me?" Adrian Gordon made no direct answer.

"Two things, though they don't matter to me now," wearily. "I wanted to know why you said you were too poor to marry me when you were Levallion's heir—though I didn't know it."

Levallion stood paralyzed. Hester, then, had not lied—for a wonder! He felt as if something hurt him unbearably, but he did not even try to escape it. He wondered dully what Gordon would say.

"I can't tell you, except that I," lamely, "always thought he would marry."

Levallion, white with relief, leaned against his orange-tub. Though, of course, he had known Adrian would never tell his wife the thing she asked.

"Can't you see," said Ravenel fiercely, "that it's the only weak point in the whole thing. I know about the letters. I know about the ring; but this hurts me because——"

"Because it looks like a lie." Perhaps Levallion was no more sick at heart than Adrian. "Well, it is quite true! I never counted on being Levallion's heir," though if she had not been Levallion's wife he might have given a different answer.

"I believe you—don't be angry! I feel as if all the world were a lie since—since Sylvia," her voice, that began passionately, broke off in dragging despair, "separated you and me."

"What was the other thing?" said Adrian slowly. "Nel, for God's sake, take off that black hood and let me see your face! I am going away tomorrow," with quiet and jealous pain. "Why have you got on white poppies? The real ones always smell to me like laudanum—and death!"

"I've got them on because they mean oblivion," she answered bravely. "I've got to live my life, Adrian. I made it for myself—and Levallion has been good to me. The only way I can go on with it is to forget."

"What about me?" very low.

"You can fight it out as well as I can," bitterly. I can't get rid of Levallion even to please you."

"I don't want you to. Two wrongs," hardly, "don't make a right."

In the silence Levallion felt curiously and impersonally sorry for them; mad as it seems, liked Adrian better than he ever had before.

"Ask me the other question," Adrian said quietly, "and then you must go on. I don't want you to be missed, and found with me."

"It doesn't matter," not knowing that one day every soul in the house-party would remember just how many minutes she had been absent with Adrian Gordon. "Oh, the question! I only wanted to know—though your concerns are none of my business since Lady Annesley sent you away from me—who the woman was who came down with you that first day and asked for you that night at the door."

"Asked for me?" in utter surprise that Levallion felt was real. "Came down with me? Nel, be sensible; don't imagine rubbish. You know perfectly that what I had thought you had done to me had made me loathe all women. I don't think I've spoken to one since. Lady Annesley sent me back your ring. No woman could come and inquire for me."

"One did," obstinately.

"Then I don't know who," and Levallion was glad he did not. "Nell, you distrusted me once with good reason for a great thing; don't fuss over rubbish now."

Levallion heard a rustle of silk. Had Ravenal moved? But her voice came from exactly the same place.

"I've got to go on till I die," she said in a carrying whisper. "Go away tomorrow, Adrian, or I can't bear it. The only thing you can do for me is never to see me again."

"I know; don't say it, will you?" roughly. "In old times I'd have quietly poisoned Sylvia and killed Levallion, but now I can only go away."

"Don't speak like that about Levallion; he's more to be pitied than either one of us. If he died tomorrow—"

"If he died, would you marry me?" Gordon interrupted sharply.

"I'd cry myself sick. I wouldn't look at you." The loyal, grateful voice fell till a listener farther away than Levallion could not have heard it.

"It's time for me to go," thought Levallion; her loyalty, that was not love, hurt him unbearably. "Let her say good by to him, and then—we'll see! If I were not her husband, I could make her love me best in a week!"

Deftly, inch by inch, he made his way past their unconscious backs, doing his best not to hear any more. He was a dishonorable eavesdropper, already, but he did not care. He would not have any one else hear, though, and that rustling of silks had been unpleasantly close.

Whoever it had been was gone now. Levallion hurried to the library to tell Tommy they had seen a kitchen maid watching the quality; hurried to the picture-gallery to see who was missing besides Ravenel!

"Gad, I wish it had been any one else!" he thought, wretchedly. For the only woman absent was Lady Gwendolen Brook, of the orange gown and the evil orchids. And that she entered at that moment did not reassure him, for with her was Scarsdale, and Jimmy Scarsdale believed in the honor of neither man nor woman, and always said so—with examples.

"Levallion, have you seen Ravenel?" cried the duchess. "We're waiting for her to go to supper."

The two latest arrivals exchanged glances.

"Then don't wait," returned Levallion lazily, with his best manner. "She's with Adrian in the conservatory. I don't wonder you're hungry. I am quite a wreck. I interfered with my cook's amours, and he quite cowed me with his dinner tonight. Come, if you wish me to live till morning," and the duchess never knew that he was inwardly cursing himself, fate, and two, if not three, of his guests, as he took her down-stairs.

"She's had time enough," Lady Gwendolen and Scarsdale were close behind him, "to say everything by now. She hasn't been up here for an hour. I wonder——"

Scarsdale hushed her by a look at Levallion's back.

It was a gorgeous joke on Levallion, but not good enough to quarrel for. Besides, Lady Levallion was meeting them as they reached the dining-room.

Somehow, every one stared at her as she let them pass her at the door. She had taken off her mask and hood like the others, and, under her crown of poppies, her face was white, exhausted, beaten, the face of a woman who has said good by to love and youth.

Lord Levallion helped the duchess to game pie, and finished the quotation that had worried him all the evening:

"Lo, these be poppies—not for you,
Cut down and spread."

He put his untasted supper of plain almond soup, which was all he ever took at night, on the first floor for Mr. Jacobs, who licked the plate scrupulously clean, and immediately after was as thoroughly and scrupulously sick. Sir Thomas hastily removed him as a footman removed the remains, and, being a conscientious master, dosed him till he was sick again, for there was froth about his mouth, and Sir Thomas feared fits.

It was not a pretty incident, but luckily only Levallion and Tommy beheld it—unless the outraged cook peering through the pantry door saw the insulting treatment Levallion gave his soup. No one else thought anything about it.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MOONLIGHT PICNIC.

Levallion, contrary to his custom, rose early the next morning and repaired to Mrs. Murray's house, meaning to strike terror into her soul by threats of withdrawing her allowance.

There was no smoke coming from her chimneys, and, as he was about to dismount and knock her up, an untidy female emerged from the back premises and announced that their late tenant had decamped without the formality of giving notice. She had, to the station-master's knowledge, taken a ticket for London on the preceding morning, and Levallion decided, with some relief, that it must, after all, have been a kitchen-maid whom he and Tommy had seen looking in the conservatory.

He was not to be pleased on reaching home to find he might have spared himself his journey, for the post brought a letter from Hester, posted in London, in which she implored his forgiveness for her foolish outspokenness, thanked him for his bounty, and hoped "that one so unworthy as she might never set eyes on him again."

"Too humble," quoth his lordship, in the seclusion of his drawing-room; "means something."

But the precise meaning did not occur to him. And Sir Thomas' bleak face at breakfast put Hester out of his mind. Mr. Jacobs had nearly died in the night, was even now in a parlous state. Sir Thomas was of the opinion that he must have been poaching in the afternoon and eaten poison laid down for marauding cats; an opinion with which the vet. agreed, going so far as to mention prussic acid.

"It could not have been on my land, then," Levallion informed the gathering that surrounded unlucky Mr. Jacobs. "I don't allow poisoning."

"It's prussic acid, my lord, wherever he got it," the vet. returned obstinately. "But he's round the corner."

"It's likely that soup last night saved him."

"I dare say," said Levallion indifferently, but he stroked Mr. Jacobs, who licked his hand. All dogs worshipped Levallion, just as every dog Mrs. Murray ever owned mysteriously pined away and died under her care.

It was a gorgeous morning, clear and cold. Levallion had no special desire to shoot, but anything was better than staying at home as special policeman, under the amused eyes of Gwendolen Brook. He was utterly astounded as he joined the other men to find Adrian, on a fat pony, was going with them.

"Queer thing, honor!" he meditated. "A badly bred man would have stayed at home. I'll look out he doesn't overdo himself."

Afterward Adrian Gordon remembered that never had Levallion been to him as he was that day. No mother could have looked after a child better than Lord Levallion, the man he had good reason to hate. And Jimmy Scarsdale saw it—with a grin that was wasted. Lady Levallion must be as deep as the sea.

Lady Levallion looked anything but deep at that precise moment. She had thankfully sent her flock of women to a golf tournament ten miles away, and was seated in the garden with Tommy and the recovering Mr. Jacobs. Wrapped up in a big cloak, she looked very young, dreadfully tired. Sir Thomas saw it downheartedly, and connected it with her silly and marked absence with Captain Gordon the night before, a piece of idiocy he was too angry to mention. Though he would have been angrier still if he had known every word she had said had been overheard by Lady Gwendolen—and others.

"Jacobs was poisoned," he said moodily. "Just wait till I find out where he got it."

"Miles off, I dare say. Levallion won't allow it. What's he growling at?" for Mr. Jacobs stood bristling, weakly ferocious.

"That beastly cook," with exasperation, "what on earth do you keep him for? Jacobs, come here, Jacobs!" But the dog had been through the garden, and Tommy raced after him in time to see Monsieur Carrousel launch an enormous stone that barely missed Mr. Jacobs' head.

Sir Thomas seized his dog by the collar.

"What the——" he began; and saw Ravenel standing by him, out of breath, but looking inches taller than her height.

"May I ask," she said to the bearded, elegant person who was kind enough to cook his dinners, "why you are pulling my rockery to pieces?" with a glance at the fern-covered stone on the path.

"The dog is dangerous. He threatened my life," with a majestic rage.

"You are quite wrong, the dog is harmless. If you are afraid of him, remember that you will be quite safe in your kitchen. This—is my garden!" She turned her back in a manner the duchess would have envied. "Come, Tommy, and bring the dog."

"Why were you so down on him?" Tommy inquired when they were out of ear-shot. "I really believe Jacobs would have bitten him. Goodness knows why, but he hates the man!"

"So do I," hotly. "There is not a seat in the garden where I can go without finding him in the neighborhood. I feel as if he had the evil eye on something; he makes me shiver. Levallion's going to send him away."

"When's Gordon going?" said Tommy abruptly.

"Tomorrow." She grew scarlet. "Tommy," she said miserably, "don't be horrid to me! I don't deserve it. I don't mean even to speak to him before he goes."

"All right," gruffly, but he slipped his arm in hers as he had not done since he came. "I say, Ravenel, I'll be glad when the others go! They're no good, except the duchess."

"I can't bear them," with sudden viciousness. "I feel all the time that if I were down in the world not one of them would speak to me—even Lady Chayter. The others are—well, her ladyship was a good imitation of them!"

"That reminds me," he picked up Mr. Jacobs and rolled him in Ravenel's cloak. "I'm sure I saw the old Umbrella yesterday, in the village."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"I did, then; looking mighty out at elbows. What do you bet she'll not be up here, whining to you?"

"She can whine," deliberately, for whatever Lady Annesley had done, it was sure to be no secret to the Umbrella. "Hateful old wretch!"

"Beats me how Levallion ever was a friend of Sylvia's," observed Tommy idly. "By George, I get hot all over when I think how I used to hate him."

"He's kind," in a stifled voice. "But oh, Tommy! Sometimes I feel as if I should scream, with the shut-up-ness of being grand! The fine clothes and too much to eat, and—it's rather awful being Lady Levallion!"

"It's better than her ladyship," the boy said dully. "Brace up, Ravenel! Nobody in the world is downright happy, I believe."

He lit one of Levallion's cigarettes to avoid conversation, and refused to see she was crying.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

CORN MEAL—OUR ALLY

CORN MEAL LOAF WITH TOMATO SAUCE.

Saved Our Pioneers. By Its Help We Shall Win the War

By Violet Marsh

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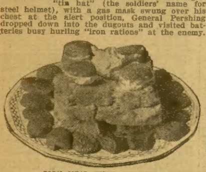
AMERICA'S commander-in-chief in France, General Pershing, about the middle of February, made a two-days' inspection of the American sector northwest of the Toul. Wearing a "tin hat" (the soldiers' name for steel helmet), with a gas mask swung over his chest at the alert position, General Pershing dropped down into the dugouts and visited batteries busy hurling "iron rations" at the enemy.



CORN MEAL WITH APRICOTS.

Splashing through the mud and slipping on the ice, he inspected all the first line trenches, asking innumerable questions, especially of the men with regard to food.

Of one mess cook, General Pershing asked what they had for dinner. The cook replied that they had roast beef, potatoes, onions, white bread, coffee and rice pudding.

Then turning to a long line of soldiers with mess kits in their hands, the General asked:

"Do you men get enough to eat out here?"

The line saluted briskly and almost in a chorus came the reply:

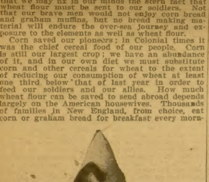
"Yes, sir."

One young infantryman asked: "Who is that with the four stars on his coat?" After being informed by a comrade, he replied, "Is that so? Whoever saw a commander-in-chief of an army walking around in a trench asking privates if their feet were dry or if they had enough to eat? It is not being done!"

But General Pershing is determined that the American soldiers at all times shall have the maximum of protection under the best conditions possible.

Let us again read: "Roast beef, potatoes, onions, *white bread,* coffee, and rice pudding," that we may fix in our minds the stern fact that wheat flour must be sent to our soldiers. Not that our brave men would not enjoy corn bread and graham muffins, but no bread making material will endure the over-sea journey and exposure to the elements as well as wheat flour.

Corn saved our pioneers; in Colonial times it was the chief cereal food of our people. Corn is still our largest crop; we have an abundance of it, and in our own diet we must substitute corn and other cereals for wheat to the extent of reducing our consumption of wheat at least one third below that of last year in order to feed our soldiers and our allies. How much wheat flour can be saved to send abroad depends largely on the American housewives. Thousands of families in New England, from choice, eat corn or graham bread for breakfast every morning in the year, considering these delicious as well as conducive to good health.



POTATO FOOL.

There is no real hardship in what is asked of us in aid of food conservation. We are cautioned not to reduce our diet in quantity or quality below the requirements of health and bodily vigor, and, above all, not to limit the food of growing children. We are asked to substitute equally nourishing and wholesome foods that are plenty for foods needed for war purposes.

Poultry is not classed as "meat" by the Food Administration. Therefore, on meatless days we may eat poultry as well as eggs and fish. But the pressing need at present is for more wheat flour for export to Europe, and, if we are to win the war, we must make the savings in our homes.

One word more: Guard against half-hearted attempts at conservation. Go at it with the spirit of a soldier, that you may reap the full reward of having done your bit. Let your slogan be: "Until the End of the War."

War-Winning Hints and Recipes

A cup of corn meal gives even more fuel to your body than a cup of wheat flour.

Stop buying white bread, and make spider corn cakes, brown bread and graham muffins. You will conserve and save money at the same time.

Eat vegetables. It will help Uncle Sam and improve your health.

In substituting a pure vegetable shortening in a recipe, leaving all other ingredients the same, it must be remembered that the vegetable shortening goes further than butter or lard.

When using molasses and soda with the heavier flours, use a little baking powder in addition, as these flours require more leavening. It is also well to add a little baking powder to the heavier flours when used in making yeast bread. Sift it though the flour.

The month of April is always a happy one for the children, and April Fool and Rainy Day parties are in order. The accompanying cuts and recipes will assist the mother who is endeavoring to hold to her conservation standards, and with the appropriate decorations, and the usual "Bug-on-your-back!" jests for entertainment, the expensive cake and candies will not be missed.

JESTER LOAF.—Pour two cups of boiling water over two cups of fine corn meal and stir. When lukewarm, add one quarter of a yeastcake dissolved in one third cup of lukewarm water, one half cup of molasses, one teaspoon of salt, one eighth teaspoon of soda and two cups of rye flour. Beat hard, and let rise over night; in the morning, beat again, add one half cup each of seeded raisins and chopped nuts, pour into an angel cake pan, and bake in a moderate oven two hours. The jester decorations which always delight children, are made by inserting a jester's cap, made from cardboard, into the center opening, and ornamenting it with paper rosettes and a fringe about the crown. From the center of loaf, hang strips of paper of different lengths, and at the end of each sew a tiny jester's bell. If the loaf is made from a cake mixture, cover with white frosting before decorating.

JESTER LOAF.

POTATO FOOL.—Cook potatoes in boiling salted water; drain and shake over hot cover until dry and then mash. To each cup, allow one tablespoon of butter, one half teaspoon of salt, a dash of red pepper, and hot milk enough to make a creamy consistency. Have prepared a filling made from left-over fish chopped fine, and to one cup add half a cup of bread crumbs, salt and pepper, and egg gravy enough to moisten. The addition of onion juice improves the flavor. Make a mound of potato and scoop out the center and put in the meat filling, then add more potato, making it into a pyramid shape to represent a Fool's Cap. The filling should be completely concealed. At the base, decorate with parsley or celery leaves, and down the side have the word Fool cut from red beets. The filling and potato should be handled very quickly and from hot dishes to prevent chilling.

CORN DODGERS.—In a mixing bowl put two cups of corn meal, granulated or bolted, one teaspoon of salt, and two teaspoons of fat. Over this pour two scant cups of boiling water and beat well. When cool, form into thin cakes and bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Eat with butter or gravy and serve with meat and vegetables.

CORN MEAL LOAF WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Take one pint of corn meal, stir into it one cupful of chopped dates, one half cup of milk and one egg beaten light. Turn into a well-greased baking pan and bake for thirty minutes, cover with a greased paper for the first fifteen minutes. When done, turn on a platter and serve with tomato sauce.

CORN MEAL WITH APRICOTS.—One quart of boiling water, one cup of yellow corn meal. Boil slowly for an hour, then add half a pound of good mild cheese. Press it in mold and cut in slices, decorating it with apricots and whipped cream.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

die in your memory or do you tell it to the next friend you meet as a toothsome piece of news? If you do the latter there is not much difference between you and the prisoner who answers in open court for his misdeeds. He stabbed with a visible weapon; you cut with an invisible knife and your thrust was in the back. Do you live your life and let your neighbors live theirs in the sweet satisfaction of letting one another alone? Or do you keep an eye across the way and spy out the things that are not meant for public gaze, and then whisper them to the neighbor next door? If you do this you are no better morally than the street Arab who picks your pocket. Dishonest prying and tattling are in effect character picking. Gossip begets gossip. While you are stabbing others in the back, are you sure your own ribs are invulnerable and that your neighbor's stiletto does not find an entering place for as deadly a thrust as the one you give? You are an ostrich if you go about thinking you can thrust your head in the sand and hide from retaliation.

Slander is a "chicken that comes home to roost." Abuse your neighbor's daughter and some one may kill the good name of your own. The most poisonous reptile in the world is the man or woman with a serpent tongue. That person lives from the carrion of character and the venom is an acid eating both ways, into the life of the slandered and into the soul of the slanderer, and the last is worse than the former, for life goes out but the soul goes on and carries its stains to the high court of last appeal.

A tongue, red with the killing of character, is as deserving of punishment as a hand red with actual life blood.

I am nineteen years old and have brown hair and eyes. I would appreciate letters from the sisters.

A friend, MABEL HENDERSON.

MONTEBELLO, VA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading the letters in the Sisters' Corner very much and now I come for help. I have been married a little less than two years and have a little baby girl. Her name is Durah Odessa. She is a sweet little girl and we love her very much but yet

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Women Moulded Bullets

during our Revolution and helped to win **Freedom.**

Today women are helping to win this war by **Saving Wheat.**

The most effective way to do this is by making bread or cake with corn meal, oatmeal, rye, barley or other available coarse flour instead of white flour.

Such breads are most easily and quickly made with

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Try the following wheat saving recipes:

Corn Bread with Rye, Barley or Oat Flour

1 cup corn meal
1 cup rye, barley or oat flour
2 tablespoons sugar
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift dry ingredients into bowl; add milk, beaten egg and melted shortening. Stir well. Put into greased pan, allow to stand in warm place 20 to 25 minutes and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

Rice Muffins

1 cup milk
½ cup corn meal
1 tablespoon shortening
2 tablespoons sugar or corn syrup
½ cup cooked rice
½ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 egg

Scald the milk and pour over the corn meal; add the shortening and sugar or syrup. When cool, add the rice, and the flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together; add beaten egg. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins in moderate oven 20 minutes.

Mailed free. Our new Red, White and Blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes." Address,

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
130 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

Food Will Win the War

Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World
UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT'S League of Cousins

LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HERE is a letter from an American friend of the Kaiser, one of many native and foreign-born citizens and residents of the United States who approve of the aims of Prussian military despotism and sanction its fiendish methods; who are doing their utmost to help the cause by promoting the German pacifist propaganda in America and trying to frighten our people into believing that it is useless and hopeless to attempt to oppose German might and frightfulness. France has just convicted and sentenced to death, for treason, one of her prominent citizens for his activities, as the paid agent of the Kaiser, in promoting in America and France pacifist and terrorist agitation precisely in line with the views expressed by the author of this letter, who shows wise caution in not signing her name. She says her husband emigrated to America, at the age of fifteen, to escape military service in the land of his birth, and now she wants me and everybody else in this country to adopt the views of the German citizen on this matter. Which brand of German citizen would she have us imitate? The kind that is murdering old and young and outraging women whenever and wherever they fall into his hands, that is enslaving all conquered peoples and trying to enslave the world? Or the kind that dodges militarism in Germany by coming here and taking an American citizenship for the protection it gives him and then rebels against defending his adopted country against aggression and conquest by Germany? Or the kind that comes here to help the Kaiser conquer and enslave America? Evidently she has no sympathy with the honored kind that comes here to grow up with the country, and fight for its defense, if necessary. She writes:

"RUSHMORE, MINN.

"Uncle Charlie, Dear Sir: It is with deep regret that I find you indulge in the hate propaganda now so popular. Have you ever considered this matter from a German citizen's standpoint? (Yes, I have, but you have never considered it from an American citizen's point of view.—Uncle Charlie.) My husband left the old country when he was fifteen years old to escape being a soldier and now finds that we have to fight this same military system barehanded as it were, for what is a few weeks of training or even months against the most efficient fighting machine under the sun. (Britain's little army made that 'wonderful' German machine hide like a rat in a hole for two years and smashed it every time it showed its nose.—Uncle Charlie.) My husband is a native born Teuton but a U. S. citizen now. Germany has the best trained soldiers and her officers are brought up to a military career from childhood. This is no idle boast for she has proved this in the three years of terrible fighting. Ex-President Roosevelt is also dong his very best to stir up trouble. (He's stirring up trouble for Germany—that's why you don't like him.—Uncle C.) I have inclosed a few newspaper clippings so will add no comment whatever, and so give you a chance to throw your cowardly roaring at me. You hide behind the public safety bogey and the Federal authorities. Don't forget the message of Christmas, the same even in war "Peace on earth, good-will to men." We have good-will for men, but not for murderers.—Uncle Charle.)

"A READER OF COMFORT.

This letter is typical of scores that I receive which mean just this: The American people are to be kept in ignorance of Germany's horrible blood-guiltiness and to know nothing of her dastardly deeds and of her wicked, wanton attempts to conquer Europe and later on, America, and then the whole world. If the writer could have her way we should remain utterly ignorant of this terrible danger, lulled into a sense of false security to oblige German sympathizers, until the Prussian wild beast sprang upon us, tore us to pieces, while people of the writer's stripe went out to meet the conquerors with beer and coffee. Because we dare to show this wild beast up in its true colors we are accused of stirring up hate. This letter is a perfect specimen of that insidious German propaganda which has done its fiendish work in all sections of the world, in making people impotent and helpless in the presence of the German invader and ravisher. God knows I have every sympathy for every loyal German in this country, but none for those who prattle of loyalty and who run away from military duty then try to close our lips and scare us with tales of the terrible efficiency of Germany's war machine so that we'll run away also. We are not to be silenced and we are not to be scared and when we are through with that German machine it will look like thirty cents with a hole in it. Germany has licked three little nations—a fine record. Russia has licked herself—thanks to German lying, spying and buying. As for Teddy Roosevelt, the finest type of virile Americanism in the world today, would to God we had ten billion like him. Any big, strong man who hits enemy plotters and criticizes incompetence and speaks out for America is bound in these days to arouse the hate of quitters and the disloyal. When Germany acknowledges her guilt and asks forgiveness of a world she has outraged, then and not till then can humanity afford to lay down its arms and take her back into the family of nations. It is madness to talk of peace and good-will to a nation that is cutting the throat of the world. To do so would be to play Germany's game and that game has been played long enough in this country and we'll stand no more of it. Even the Kaiser's own newspapers are calling him a "Hangman." That ought to open this writer's eyes but it won't. In any of the warring countries except this, any one who wrote a letter like this would have to face a firing squad. God give the writer sense and us patience. To invoke the law against the disloyal is the duty of every patriotic citizen. The existence of our country is threatened. We cannot and will not allow our enemies to openly flout us, and vent their venom upon us for doing our duty to God and our Country.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

ESTHER, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a bachelor of twenty-two summers, have dark brown hair, blue eyes, and am a tiller of the soil. I honestly don't think so much will be gained by the overthrow of Germany. What is to prevent the victorious nations from fighting among themselves after the war? They have broken treaties in the past, why not again. We could not avoid entering this war, but I think we should only fight until we have put Germany into a position where she cannot again murder our citizens traveling on the high seas. Have not the Germans as good a right to their form of government as we have to ours, and if the German soldiers are not satisfied with their government why the deuce don't they rebel and overthrow it? The Germans could adopt a democratic form of government and still be as great a menace to us as ever. I think Mr. Wilson should make public a statement telling exactly what we are fighting for and on what terms we can make peace.

Sincerely yours,
CARL A. MANESS.

Your letter, Carl, shows an amount of superficial thinking that is appalling. Our war aims have been stated a thousand times. Lick your enemy before you talk about peace or don't start fighting. Germany can have any old form of government she wishes. She can stay in the dark ages where she is now forever, if she desires. If people want to be slaves to a tyrant dressed up like a peacock that is their privilege, but when these same people think they are superior to everyone else and that all other peoples are dirt and ought to be conquered and placed under subjection, and they start murdering their neighbors, filling the earth with their spies, debauchers and fire fiends, then it's time that such monsters were soundly thrashed, made to behave or wiped off the face of the earth. Nations have broken treaties, but none so flagrantly as Germany. The victorious nations, if this country puts its full force into this last fight of right against might, will be Britain, France, Italy and the United States. They are democratic nations, with a common ideal and a common purpose. They are not militaristic nations as Germany is and will not fight among themselves, for they have nothing to fight about and have all suffered horribly and hate war and everything connected with war. They are peaceful, progressive people, seeking only to be left alone, but Germany would not let them or us alone. She has outraged every law of God and man and must be brought to her senses (if she has any) otherwise decent people have got to get off the earth, for life under the brutal military heel of Germany would be intolerable, even for a dog. German soldiers, if they wished, could replace their present autocratic form of government with a democratic one, then the common people would be in control and no disputes would arise that could not be adjusted by arbitration. Unfortunately however, in spite of her large socialistic vote the German mind, from a democratic point of view, is hundreds of years behind that of other countries. The German likes to be bossed around, he does not know how to act without orders. Germany must be taught to mind her own business and to permit other nations to mind theirs. The bond of common interest, which is far stronger than any treaty ties, will unite the four Allies in a sustained effort, after the war, to maintain the peace of the world.

PEKIN, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am anxious to get the history of the early settlers of Ohio. The first settlers came down the river on a raft, and settled at Marietta. I want the names of the early settlers if you know them. I have hunted for the history but failed to find it. Please answer my letter personally. You talk of Maria and Billy the Goat but you never say what your name is.

Your niece, CALLIE JOHNSON.

Callie, I fear you are not very observant, as my name has appeared in COMFORT scores of times in the last fifteen years. It has appeared over scores of poems and songs and other special matter. For information about Marietta write to the Ohio Historical Society. Address all inquiries about conditions in any state to the governor of that state in which you are interested, and his secretary will send your letter to those whose business it is to attend to such matters. Marietta was named in honor of Marie Antoinette, and was founded in 1788 by a company of revolutionary officers from New England under the leadership of General Rufus Putnam. In Marietta is located Marietta College which possesses a library of 60,000 volumes, which doubtless contains all the information you seek. Every home should have an encyclopedia which costs but a trifle which tells you about everybody of note that ever lived and everything of consequence that ever happened. All people care about, however, is pleasure. Knowledge and education, the only worth-while things in the world, are shunned and ignored. I know from bitter experience. The first people that tried to settle at Marietta were a bunch of men who came down the river on a raft to see if they could not Marry Etta. The raft broke however, and they settled at the bottom of the river. Wasn't that too bad?

ECKLEY, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I ride to school and put my horse in a born near the school, there are fifteen going to my school, our teacher's name is Miss Ellen Jones. She has gave a few of us a licken. I am in the fourth reader. This is what I can do at home. I can wash dishes, herd cattle, and milk, crochet and read papers and books. I can feed the horses and cattle. That is all I can think of now.

Your loving niece,
MYRTLE G. RAMSEY.

Myrtle, put your horse in a barn, not a born. People who make their a's like o's and nearly all children do it, cause a tremendous lot of trouble in this world. We are glad to know you can milk, crochet and read papers. With milk at 17 cents a quart it is good to know that this indispensable fluid can be obtained, probably at a much lower price, from paper instead of cows. Your experience with your good, practical teacher, Miss Jones, has made me burst into rhyme:

Poor Miss Jones, you can hear her groans
And likewise hear her kicking;
For her tongue's encased in a dark brown taste,
When she gives her scholars a licking.

We are glad to know that Miss Jones only had to lick a few of her pupils. Think how terrible it would be if she had to lick them all. She would be a dyspeptic for life.

MILTON, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been reading your department in COMFORT for a long time and am much interested in the League of Cousins. My sister also takes COMFORT. I am a boy nineteen years old, and never talked to a girl in my life. I can hoe corn and tob. I milk the cows and live nine miles from Milton on a big 150-acre farm. We have one horse, ducks, chickens and dogs, and I go hunting very often. I wish you were up here to help me strip tob. I would like to hear from some of the cousins. I will close hoping Billy the Goat won't get this. Your new cousin, James Devose, R. 3.

James, to refrain from talking to girls is not customary with the boys of today, most of whom are in the habit of forcing their attentions upon young ladies without invitation or excuse, or the formality of an introduction. This practice is becoming more common and gives evidence of a lack of respect for the gentler sex and a breaking dawn of those conventionalities which alone keep society from degenerating into a barnyard or jungle. So you want me to come and help you strip Tob? Who is Tob anyway? And what has he done that he should be deprived of his clothing in this atrociously cold weather? I don't care for this stripping game anyway. Germany has stripped Belgium and Northern France, Poland, Serbia and Roumania. Now the anarchistic Bolsheviki are stripping the banks in Russia and seven thousand corpses have been taken out of the Neva River in Petrograd; thanks to anarchy and idiocy masquerading as socialism. Nobody is working and nothing is being produced in Russia except crime and bloodshed, and those who have clothes are being stripped of them by thugs and thieves who can obtain fortunes by selling the apparel of their victims. If you want any help to strip people of ignorance, stupidity, prejudice, bigotry and narrow mindedness, call on me, but I positively refuse to remove anyone's clothing. The Goat says that Tob is the abbreviation for tobacco, and all you want me to do is to help you strip tobacco. Great Heavens! James, why didn't you tell me so?

VERNA, UTAH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My grandpa has got nine little pigs. My papa has a Ford car. We go riding most every day. I go to Sunday school most every Sunday. I am eight years old. I would like to see this in print. Well this is all for this time?

From your niece,
IRVA EATON.

Yours must be a very happy family Irva, and much to be envied. Think of a family these hard times that is the proud possessor of a Ford car and nine pigs. The Ford car would not be of much use to me, but I could do a lot with the pigs. I'm glad to know you go to Sunday school. If there were as many Sunday schools in America as there are saloons, and as many Sunday schools in Germany as beer gardens, and they all had good, live teachers, who could bring up children to be soldiers of Christ, we would soon have the war lords put out of business. When children get the right kind of education seven days a week instead of five and are brought up in a Christlike way, war and contentions will cease. Walk with God and you will walk right and the Sunday school is the place to find God, and it is there you will learn to make him your companion and guide through life.

WINCHESTER, CALIF.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

You surely are a well-posted man. You give the world the best there is in you. You have been a great blessing to humanity. You give the truth in the strongest and simplest way. Your judgment is good. I am working in a Magnesite Mine, located on one of the beautiful hills that surround Hemet Valley. Hemet Valley is small but it is one of the most beautiful valleys in California, and is 95 miles South East from Los Angeles. Magnesite is white as chalk and is very scarce. I am deeply interested in what you have to say about the war. Wilson has more power than any king. If we would use that ten billion dollars for coast defence I think it would be to a much better advantage. It looks like hell to send the bloom of our dear country over to the trenches along with billions of wealth, from which we expect nothing. People in the U. S. are thinking as they never thought before and we all hope for the best, so continue to be good and stay with us as long as you can.

Your loving friend, J. W. HILTON.

John, I thank you for your compliments, but apparently all my efforts to make you see this war in its proper light, have utterly failed. In order that we may effectively fight the Kaiser who is an autocrat and a tyrant, we are obliged, in a crisis of this kind to invest our President also with autocratic power, so that he may be able to act instantly in emergencies and meet every situation as it arises without delay. President Wilson acts for a limited period, for a nation of free people, for their best interests, the Kaiser, who is a tyrant and an accident of birth acts only for the Hohenzollern dynasty and the interests of a despotic, titled, military caste. So you think it looks like hell to send the bloom of our country to the trenches in Europe do you? It would look still more like hell if we didn't. Did it look like hell to France when she sent the bloom of her youth in men, and money, under General Rochambeau and Admiral De Grasse to help us win our freedom? We owe France a great debt, we would be dastards if we did not repay it. You would fight a defensive war here, would you? and leave France and Britain, who have been shedding their blood for our protection, as well as their own, the democratic nations of western Europe, to their fate, while you snuggled down safe in your little old mine in California. That's a fine doctrine for a nation of curs but not for men. You would let Germany bring the war to our shores and make a Belgium of our country. (Don't think we could keep her out.) If freedom is to live in this world, the free nations of the world must stick together. Apparently you do not realize the horror of the German menace. Let every American man and woman thank God that owing to the bravery of the French and British, we can fight the Hun in devastated Europe, instead of invaded, devastated America. You are right, people are thinking as they never thought before, but alas, tens of thousands will persist, like yourself, in spite of all I have done to put the truth into their brains, in thinking wrong. Now please get it right this time.

VIOLA, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I come to thank you for those wonderful books that you sent me. I am not flattering them Uncle Charlie but the song book, story book and book of poems are the best books of their kind I have ever seen.

We have taken dear old COMFORT for six or seven years. We think that we can't do without it. I live on the farm with father and mother. I think farming is a fine occupation. Cousins come over some of these days and bring Uncle Charlie and we will have a musical entertainment. I sure love music. Uncle I believe as you do on Woman Suffrage. I believe the woman should have equal rights with the man when it comes to voting.

Uncle, I am one that tries to obey the league rules.

Uncle, I see you publish more of the girls' letters than the boys. We boys think that you are partial toward them. I am eighteen years old, weigh one hundred and forty-two pounds, five feet and eight inches tall, have light complexion and black eyes and hair. Would like to hear from the cousins.

Your loving nephew,
TROY IVESTER, (League No. 36,638.)

So Troy, you think I am partial to the girls do you? Well I surely am. I'd be a queer kind of a male thing if I were not. Sex however, has nothing to do with the selection of letters that go into this department. The thing that counts is the idea. If there is a thought in the letter that offers opportunity for a profitable discussion, or some ludicrous error of spelling, grammar or diction, the correction of which will both instruct and amuse, it is eagerly seized on and marked for comment and publication. The best letters that come to me are penned by girls and women. Girls on the average stay longer at school than boys, and take them as a whole they are more idealistic and more ambitious. I get lots of inspiring and encouraging letters from men young and old, but many more from girls. The great tragedy in conducting a department of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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In the Enemy's Airplane

By Hapsburg Liebe

See front cover illustration.

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A WOMAN'S voice spoke softly, and yet frightenedly, in French that came with anything but a natural accent:

"Monsieur—are you awake now, monsieur?"

Elwood heard her and moved his limbs, at which his left shoulder gave him a sharp pain. A warm hand passed over his brow, and he somehow realized that his head was bandaged. Then he struggled to a sitting posture in the pitchy darkness. Not even a star was in sight. By the slight rustle that accompanied his movements he knew that he had lain on a bed of straw, but he knew very little else. He was dazed.

"Where are we, madame?" he asked, also in French that was halting and incorrect. "Or is it mademoiselle?"

"It is mademoiselle, monsieur," came readily from the darkness to his right. "We are in the basement of the ruined house of M. George Lane, the American, in the old town of B——, which has just suffered a German drive and is now behind the German lines. Do you not remember, monsieur; you fell; your machine was shot out of control by the Boche machines, and you fell in the street outside——"

"Yes, yes," broke in Elwood; "I remember now. They shot me down. I was on my way back to the French lines to report——why, mademoiselle, I should be going!"

And he added in plain English: "Was there ever such rotten luck!"

The young woman gave an exclamation of both surprise and gladness.

"Oh, you are an American!" also in English. "Why, so am I. And we were laboring along in French! But as to your going, it is impossible. Listen!"

Elwood now recognized the bothersome noises he had been hearing constantly since his senses had returned. It was the booming of French seventy-fives and German howitzers, the rattling staccato of machine guns, the intermittent cracking of infantry rifles, the deep rumbling of exploding shells.

"It is hardly safe in this basement," the feminine voice went on. "At any moment one of the French shells may go over its mark, alight in the ruins above, and bury us completely. But it was this or worse than death, so I chose this."

Elwood did not question the correctness of anything she had told him. Now that there was to be some waiting and the resultant inactivity, he found that he was in possession of a miserably aching head and a shoulder that seemed broken.

"We might get better acquainted," he said finally, "even if we can't see each other. I have the high honor of calling myself a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, and my name is John Elwood."

"I am Miss Catherine Lane," she reciprocated; and he wondered dizzily how she looked. "I am a niece of George Lane," she went on. "My uncle married a wealthy French woman, and came here to carry on her affairs and to start a business of his own. My parents were dead, and I lived with Uncle George. When this German advance began, my uncle and aunt thought the German armies would never get so far into France as this; so we remained when most of the town was flying westward. At last we sought flight in Uncle George's automobile, and my aunt forgot some jewels that had been in her family for two hundred years. My uncle needed petrol, and he stopped at a suburban garage to get some. Against my aunt's wishes, I ran back for the forgotten jewels. I had barely entered the house, when all at once the whole universe seemed to explode. A great shell had burst in the upper story. I found myself in the basement, bewildered; but otherwise I was unhurt.

"About sunset," she continued, "I looked cautiously out of the ruins above us, and saw you fall. There was a sudden roaring of German fire, and when it had died somewhat, I heard distant German shouts. They, too, had seen you fall. I had recognized your plane as a French plane, and I ran to help you when I saw you creeping out of the wreck. You were dazed. You didn't speak during the time in which I was hurrying you into this place and bandaging your head. Then you became unconscious, and you were like that for a long time. The German horde swept on, beating the French back. But the firing has ceased to grow dimmer, so the Germans have been halted. They are probably digging themselves in."

"Three machines attacked me," mumbled Elwood. "They were too much for me. But I sent one down and crippled another."

There followed a long silence save for the sounds of firing. Dawn came, and Elwood's senses had cleared perfectly. He rose in the gray light that filtered down through the broken timbers above, and saw, at last, the woman who had saved him. And he was not disappointed.

She was rather tall, roundish of figure, blue-eyed and brown-haired, and very pretty in a comforting, dependable sort of way. She too had gone to her feet, and she smiled at him. But it was a wan, half-hopeless smile. On her face was that indescribable look of dread that one so often sees on the faces of women in the zones of war.

Then she became more grave. "I kept you from the Germans, Mr. Elwood," she said suddenly. "And for that I wish to ask a favor of you."

"It shall be granted if it is within my power, Miss Lane," he promised.

"We are trapped, very neatly trapped," she reminded him, "though the Boches don't know it yet. When they find us, Mr. Elwood—as they surely will—before they can put hands on me——"

She paused, and he saw her lips tremble. For the moment speech failed her completely. Then she pointed to the automatic pistol he still wore at his hip, and with the other hand touched the center of her milk-white forehead.

"Save me in return," she choked. "Pay your debt to me. For I am weak, weak—I couldn't do it myself."

John Elwood, an aviator that had dared heights that few other aviators had dared, who had attacked single-handed pairs of Boche machines at dizzy altitudes, now went a clean white as he realized what she meant. He stepped to her, all the stout American manhood in him thoroughly awake, and put his arms about her as though to protect her.

"Don't worry, little girl," he said gently. "I will save you, but not in that way."

"But if you can't save me in any other way?" she asked, her eyes pleading.

He looked at her thoughtfully for a long minute. Unspeakable German atrocities in France and in Belgium were still fresh in his mind. Why did heaven permit such frightfulness? It did not stop at merely crucifying women, or bayoneting children through their stomachs. They were not isolated instances; it was all a part of the method of Teutonic warfare.

"I promise," he said.

That which she did next wrung tears from the eyes of Elwood. And from that moment on he loved her. She took one of his hands and kissed it, and pressed it to her heart.

"I thank God for you, John Elwood," she murmured.

He prevailed on her to lie down on the bed of straw, with his coat for a pillow, and sleep. She needed rest, he knew. And while she slept he climbed carefully into the ruins above and made observations.

So far as he could see, the town was deserted, and most of its buildings had been razed after the true German style. Because of the elevation of the town, he could see over the ground westward for miles, and his eyes were good enough to tell him that the enemy had dug itself in. The sounds of firing came only now and then.

Then he went back through the ruins, found cold food and water, and carried it to the basement for Miss Lane when she awoke.

This done, Elwood set his alert American mind to the task of thinking of a possible way out for the young woman. His own salvation, of course, was a secondary thing. For to keep his promise and shoot Catherine Lane to save her from an end that was a thousand times worse, was a thing that he feared he could not do. It was no lack of courage in the man. Put yourself in his place.

But there seemed to be no way out! The best that he saw was to wait there in the basement and hope that the German lines would be forced to retreat. Even then, there was the ever present danger of being buried by an exploding shell.

Each of the two took a room in the basement for himself. Three days passed, and they still had food and water; nothing had happened save that Miss Lane had fallen in love with her protector quite as deeply as he had fallen in love with her. But no mention was made of the feeling that existed between them, of course.

All search for Mrs. Lane's jewels had been futile.

On the morning of the fourth day, Catherine went to Elwood with her face white, with a fear worse than the fear of death in her eyes.

"Listen!" she said in a low voice.

Elwood listened. He heard the voices of German soldiers, and they were growing nearer and nearer. Two more minutes, and the Germans were looting the ruined building above them! Elwood, too, was white. The young woman herself drew his automatic from its holster and placed it in his hand.

"In a moment," she whispered, "they'll be here. Don't fail——and don't miss——Good-by! Good-by!"

Before they realized what they were doing, they were kissing each other. Then he pressed her to him with one arm, while the other hand held the pistol ready.

But the Germans did not find the way down to the basement! And if John Elwood had tried for a hundred years to express his gratitude for that one thing, he would have failed.

A little later, Elwood climbed through the rubbish and debris, made his way to a point where he could see without being seen, and sat there watching. Soon he saw a German officer, half drunk and alone, come swaggering down the street. Nobody else was in sight. It was then that the big idea occurred to Elwood.

When the officer had reached a point directly opposite the aviator, the latter-named called out in the excellent German of Heidelberg, to which city Elwood had gone for a part of his education:

"Come over here, Herr Major."

The Teuton stopped quickly, and one hand dropped to his pistol's butt.

"Quickly, Herr Major," Elwood went on. "It is most important."

The major came. After all, he wasn't afraid. Who but a native German could talk like that? He had now only a feeling of curiosity.

He entered the crumbling doorway confidently. He was a youngish man, handsome if one overlooked the brutality in his eyes, and he was dressed in a very smart uniform, with a scrupulously neat spiked helmet. When barely inside the doorway he stopped short, as the threatening black eye of an American automatic came into straight line with his heart.

"Do what I tell you to do, major," said the American, "and little harm, if any, shall come to you. I promise you that on honor. And if you do not obey me, I will shoot you promptly. Now follow me."

He backed in the direction of the entrance to the basement. The German, his formerly ruddy face now pale, followed. At the head of the stairs, Elwood disarmed the officer. It was a little difficult, getting down the rubbish-covered steps, walking backward and keeping both eye and weapon trained on the German, but he accomplished it in quick time. Miss Lane smothered a cry of alarm.

"Nothing to fear, Catherine," said the aviator, smiling a reassuring smile with lips that were a trifle pale. "Please retire to your own apartment, but be ready to come when I call."

The girl disappeared. Elwood took one step toward his prisoner.

"Now, Herr Major," he said decisively, "you and I are going to exchange clothing. Be quick about it!"

The officer straightened and swore. "A disgrace for me! You may shoot me first, *mein freund!*"

"Then take off that coat," coldly smiled the American. "I don't want to spoil it with bullet holes."

The German paled. "I will make the exchange," he decided.

It was carried out within a few minutes. When it was over, Elwood bound the officer hand and foot with strips torn from a portiere, bound a thick cloth around his head and in his mouth to prevent his making an outcry, called Miss Lane and gave her the German's pistol.

"If he tries to escape," said the aviator, "kill him. I expect to be back within one hour."

With that, he was gone. The uniform and helmet fitted him well, he was glad to note.

He passed no one in the streets, and twenty-five minutes later he was hurriedly approaching a group of hangar tents that had been pitched on a small plain. He had seen them the day before, from the ruins of George Lane's house.

A mechanician met him, saw his uniform and marks of rank, and saluted. He acknowledged stiffly. "I must have an aviator and a machine at once!" he snapped out in the language of Germany. "It is most important!"

"Very well, Excellenz. The famous Hanz Borfeld himself is here."

Borfeld came, saluted, and received orders from the pseudo-German officer. Soon an airplane was rolled from its hangar. Borfeld and Elwood climbed into it. The mechanician whirled the propeller; and the engine started. The plane bumped along on the ground, rose, and flew.

"You see that broad boulevard, which has very little debris and no wires," asked Elwood, when they were almost over the town.

"Yes, Excellenz."

"Alight there."

"Very well, Excellenz."

Hans Borfeld obeyed the order very nicely. When the machine had come to a halt, the American leaped to the paving stones.

"Wait here for me," he ordered; and Borfeld saluted.

Ten minutes later, John Elwood was back; and with him, her feelings torn between fear and hope, was Catherine Lane.

"Out, Borfeld," commanded the American aviator, his pistol coming prominently into view.

The German obeyed. "Now raise your hands high!" clipped Elwood; and again Borfeld complied.

Miss Lane took away his weapons; then she and her saviour climbed into the seats of the airplane, and Elwood faced the German again.

"Start the propeller, Herr Borfeld. And when you have done that, go to the ruins of the house of Mr. George Lane and search for the officer whose clothing I wear. You will find him in the basement, and be kind enough to give him the compliments of John Elwood, American, of the Lafayette Escadrille!"

Another moment and the machine was moving. It rose high, and sailed over the German lines and to safety, though they did land with some difficulty because of the enemy machine. And almost the first persons to greet them were George Lane and his wife, who had thought themselves sure of Catherine's having perished with the explosion of the great shell in their house.

A week later, Catherine wore a diamond ring on her engagement finger.

How to Grow Garden Shrubs

By Warren Mason

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FLOWERS are always wonderful in the garden, yet a garden without a few good shrubs is by no means as attractive as it can be made. A great many people complain that they cannot make garden shrubs grow. The reason is that the shrubs are not planted properly. As with nearly everything else in this world, the right sort of a start means much.

You may be sure that if you patronize reliable nurseries you will secure good shrubs. They may not look very thrifty when they reach you, but, properly planted they are certain to grow. When you receive them they are packed in moss and covered with burlap, and one great trouble is that the average amateur gardener at once rips open the burlap as soon as they come, to see what they look like. He leaves the roots exposed to the air until he gets ready to set out the shrubs. Then he digs a hole, crowds in the roots, pours a pail of water over the earth and calls the job done.

Now trees are living creatures and they need to be robust to endure such treatment. Pretty often they die. They were not given a square deal. If they live, they are likely to be spindly and frail.

Most failures are due to one of three causes or to a combination of them all—letting the roots dry out, failure to cut back the top, and too deep planting. The shrubs may be kept safely for several days in the original package, if the roots are not exposed. If they are to be kept for some time before being planted, a trench should be dug and the plants set in it, very close together, and slightly inclined toward the direction from which the sun shines, the roots being covered with earth. This is called "heeling in" and serves to keep the roots moist.

If there are several shrubs to be handled at planting time, it is well either to set them in a barrel of water or dip the roots in a puddle of liquid mud, which will cake them over and prevent their being dried out by the wind.

Many amateurs get poor results because of their curious mania for deep planting. Generally, a ring on the stalk will show where the plant stood in reference to the surface of the ground when in the nursery. Let it go into the earth just deep enough to hide this ring under half an inch of soil.

Lifting a plant usually deprives it of half its root growth, and the top should be cut back accordingly. It is just as well, in fact, to have rather less top than root at the beginning. Cutting back to this extent may seem a drastic measure, but it is really of vital importance. The roots themselves should be trimmed smooth at the ends, if they have been broken off, and should be carefully spread out in a wide circle. This means, naturally, that a wide hole should be dug. To get the best results, the soil should be thoroughly dug over, just as if annual garden plants were to go into it. Well-rotted stable manure may also be worked in to provide additional plant food, but should not be used in filling in around the roots. A handful of bone meal thoroughly mixed with the soil that is put around the roots is an excellent and lasting fertilizer.

When the shrub has been set in the hole, the soil should be carefully worked in around the roots so as to leave no open spaces. When half full of earth, a pail of water should be poured in, not so much because water is needed by the plants as to firm the soil over the roots. Then fill with soil mixed with manure. When the hole has been entirely filled, the earth should be well compacted by gentle pressure of the foot or by more water. A slight depression to hold the water may be left around each shrub.

Put into the ground after this manner, one need have little doubts about his shrubs living and prospering. And in all the essential features, the process to be followed in planting trees is the same. Most shrubs look best when massed, and should therefore be planted thickly, and some of them removed when they get large enough to crowd each other. No sort of planting dresses up the home grounds to better advantage than shrubs.

As for the pruning of shrubs, it is not so much a matter of how to do it as when. Many a garden lover has conscientiously gone over his choice shrubs every spring, and then has marvelled that they have failed to bloom except in a half-hearted way. The truth is, of course, that he has cut off a large proportion of the buds. All the shrubs that flower in the spring or early summer make that same summer the wood on which the next season's flowers are to be produced. It follows, then, that the lilacs, Japanese quince, bridal wreath, flowering currant, weigelia, syringa and such early flowering plants should be trimmed immediately after they have blossomed. On the other hand, the late blooming kind like the hydrangea and althea (rose of Sharon), may be pruned in winter or spring.

In most cases, the trimming should not be severe. Some gardeners are too fond of the knife. Nipping of the branch ends is a common mistake. The real purpose should be first to cut out the old and dead wood, getting the pruning shears as close to the bottom of the plant as possible. Then some of the new wood may be cut out, if necessary, and the branches trimmed back if they are growing out of bounds. Usually very little of this work is needed.

The hydrangea, however, is somewhat of an exception to the general rule. This shrub may be cut freely to secure special results; it is one of the most obliging plants imaginable. If wanted for massing in a bed, it needs merely to be cut back almost to the ground. If a fine flowering specimen on the lawn is desired, it may be allowed to grow freely, and shaped to suit the owner's taste.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Duck Raising on the Increase

DUCKS are coming to the fore with a rush in this country, and I predict that within another year America will have followed the lead of England and Australia, and duck farming will be as common as chicken farming, as the demand for eatable birds and eggs has increased steadily for the last five years, and judging from the letters I have received during the last few months asking for information about duck raising, our readers are awakening to the fact that there is money in ducks.

The first point for the beginner to grasp is the difference in breeds, for not all ducks are money-makers. There are quite a number of breeds, the principal of which are Pekin, Aylesbury, Rouen, Crested, Indian Runner and Muscovy.

The Pekins are creamy white, with reddish orange shanks and feet, and weigh at maturity, drakes, eight pounds; ducks, seven. The Aylesbury are pure white, shanks and feet light orange; drake, nine pounds; duck, eight. The Rouen drake's head and neck are green, with a white collar. Body, ashy gray, mixed with green. Breast, purplish brown; underbody, steel gray. Weight, nine pounds. The ducks are principally light brown, pencilled with darker brown and green; weight, eight pounds. The Crested are pure white ducks with pronounced white crests or topknots. Drake weighs seven pounds, duck, six. There are two varieties of Muscovy—the pure white, with a red wrinkled skin on their faces, and orange shanks and feet; the colored Muscovies have black and white heads, with the same odd, wrinkled skin on their faces as the white ones. Their backs are blue-black, sometimes broken with white feathers; shanks and feet, from yellow to dark red color, or even black. Drakes, ten pounds; ducks, eight.

There are also two varieties of Indian Runner ducks—one pure white, the other light fawn and white or gray and white. The fawn and white are the most popular among breeders. The side of the face should be fawn or gray; throat, pure white; breast and shoulders, fawn or gray, running to white; tail, fawn or gray. Drakes weigh four and a half pounds; ducks, four.

When it comes to market purposes, we narrow down to Pekins and Indian Runners; Pekins being preferred, in most markets, for table birds; and they are certainly the most profitable for that purpose, because they grow up very quickly, being ready for market when six or nine weeks old, when they will weigh from four to six pounds apiece, if they have been well fed and kept in yards away from streams and ponds; and in the wholesale market they bring about eighteen cents a pound.

As egg producers, Indian Runner ducks are the wonders of the poultry world, for they have outstripped all records. One breeder in Indiana, who had three hundred and fifty birds, affirms that on January 26 he commenced shipping eggs for hatching, and sent out 36,000 by July 25th, and that each duck (the stock consisted of three hundred ducks and fifty drakes) averaged ten dollars a year, the average yield being ninety-nine eggs for each bird in one hundred and eight days. In New Zealand a two years' contest was conducted, one duck laying five hundred and twelve eggs in twenty-three months, and was still laying an egg a day, even though she was moulting. They are strong, healthy, easy to raise, develop very rapidly, and will, under good conditions, commence to lay before they are five months old.

There are many points in favor of duck culture, as they are free from lice, roup, scabby legs and other diseases so common to chickens.

These ducks are hardy and vigorous, and as their chief characteristics are their laying qualities, they have come to stay, and the one who gives them special attention will realize a good profit from them in the future.

Running water is not at all necessary to their development, but they must have plenty of clean, fresh water for drinking purposes. They are great foragers, and find a part of their food when given free range, but they can be successfully handled in two-foot quarters. A two-foot fence is sufficient to inclose them.

One of the secrets of success is to start with pure bred stock, for blood will tell in ducks the same as in other poultry. Having a good foundation, it is wonderful what can be done with a small number. By this method you get experience as your flock increases.

Keep one drake for every six or eight ducks, and fatten the rest for market when nine or ten weeks old. At this age we dress them and sell to private parties for fifty to sixty cents each. Some work, but it pays. But eggs are what you work for, and the flock should be large enough to enable you to market them by the case.

To get winter eggs, laying ducks should have an inclosed house, but after May they do better if allowed to run out all the time, but should be penned at night until nine o'clock the next morning, when they will be through laying for the day. The eggs are larger than hens' eggs, and they bring from five to ten cents more per dozen than hens' eggs in the commercial market.

Laying ducks should be fed a damp mash composed of bran, shorts, corn meal and beef scrap twice each day, with whole corn at night. Never feed quite all they will eat. Sand and oyster shell must be provided, and kept before them all the time.

The first few days, ducklings should be fed bread soaked in milk or water, squeezed dry, sprinkled with sand. After two days, feed a mash of bran, corn meal, low grade flour and beef scrap. They must have sand as well as feed, and this must be within their reach all the time.

Remember to provide green stuff of some kind in each feed after they are ten days old. This not only cheapens the food, but insures good health. We like green cut clover best in summer time. Give all feed in troughs, and fresh water several times a day.

Ducks and guinea fowl are very profitable stock on a farm, or where they can have plenty of range, for guinea fowl will find the larger part of their own feed. Even when the eggs are hatched under hens, the hen can be released at the end of four weeks, and the youngsters will come up at night with full crops; and until marketed in the fall, they need have nothing but a little cracked corn at night, just to bring them home regularly and keep them tame.

Correspondence

J. G.—In future you will find it better to use whole corn for the night feed, sprayed with water. Mixed chicken feed is not rich enough in the components which furnish fats and warmth. Whole corn, on the other hand, furnishes both. Birds should have all they will eat at night during cold weather. Possibly the rations were also lacking in animal and vegetable ingredients. Birds must have animal and vegetable food or they can't produce eggs. You can buy dried beef scraps specially prepared for poultry. Cabbage, beets or sprouted oats are the best winter greens. Failing these, chop clover or alfalfa hay quite fine, steam it for several hours, and mix with ground grain for mash.

J. N. G.—I cannot recommend brooders or publish addresses in this column. Look through the advertisements and write to the different people for their price lists.

A. F. T.—You certainly did have a disastrous experience with your incubator, and also with the hen-hatched chicks. As your neighbor had the same poor results when she tried the incubator in her cellar, and with eggs from different stock, the trouble cannot lie with your hens or cellar. Are you sure that the eggs were turned and aired night and morning from the second to the eighteenth day? The heat in the egg chamber should be kept as near 103 as possible all through the hatch until the eggs commence to pip, when it may run up to 104½ or even 105, but it must not drop below 103. Read answer to L. K., and refer to "Poultry Farming for Women" in January COMFORT. The loss of chickens which were hatched and brooded by hens must have been due to mismanagement after the chicks were hatched, as the hundred chickens from the eggs you bought died in the same way. Were the coops and hens free from vermin? Were the coops on dry ground, and did you keep the chicks in until the dew was off from the grass in the morning? Please refer to the February number of COMFORT. It will help you about brooders and feed for little chicks.

B. E. M.—The plans you have made for altering a chicken house are so good that I cannot offer any improvements, unless it is about using four or five thicknesses of building paper at a dollar a roll, and over that rubberized roofing at $2.25 a roll. The building paper would be a needless expense. The strips which you intend putting over the cracks on the outside and the building paper will make the house quite warm enough, but the muslin screens before the windows will allow a good circulation of air, so that the ventilator can be omitted. As you were troubled with gapes last season, I advise you to have the ground where the brood coops stood given a heavy dressing of fresh lime and then plowed and planted to some quick growing crop, for the germ of the gapeworm is carried by earth worms that inhabit the soil that has been overcharged with poultry droppings, and your only way to eradicate the trouble is to purify the soil. If it is not possible to have the ground plowed up, keep the brood coops and young chicks as far away from the old stand as possible. It will save you a lot of trouble and the poor little chicks the uncomfortable experience of having the worms fished out of their throats. Better let some of the oats develop, and have them threshed out, then you will be able to make up a well-balanced ration from some of the things you purpose raising. Oats, millet and cane seed, mixed, will give you good scratching feed and can also be used for night feed until cold weather, when all hens should have whole corn for supper, and cracked corn should be added to the scratch mixture, which should be used in small quantities at noon, and after the night feed is eaten some should be scattered in the litter so that the birds will have something to scratch for in the morning when they get off the perch and when they need vigorous exercise to set their blood circulating. Have corn and oats ground for mash, using one part of the mixture to two parts of chopped clover or alfalfa hay, and you will have well-balanced rations, as the skim milk and buttermilk will to a great extent furnish animal fat, and the beets and cabbage, green vegetables which are necessary to hens during the winter. Personally, I would rather depend on giving the birds warm water three times a day than risk using a lamp.

H. N.—Egg eating is a bad habit, usually starting through the egg being broken accidentally and the birds finding out what good food it contains. Once started, the whole flock soon acquires the taste and lay in wait for every egg that is laid. The best remedy is to place the nests about two feet above the ground, with the opening facing the wall, and not more than two feet from it. Buy some china eggs, put one in each nest and throw two or three in the middle of the floor. The birds will spend much time picking at them, and, as they will get no satisfaction, soon tire of the habit, especially if the eggs from the nests are gathered several times a day for a few weeks.

N. S. H.—As I suppose you know, the heat in the egg chamber of an incubator should be kept as near 103 all through the hatch as possible. During the second week, or at any time up to the eighteenth day, it would not spoil the hatch if the heat went as low as 60 for a short time, say an hour at the longest, but if it ran up to 105 it would be dangerous; over that, fatal. Frequent and severe changes in temperature invariably produce crippled or blind chicks. Running an incubator too low, or cooling the eggs too long each day, prolongs the hatch and weakens the chicks. Running it too high, or not cooling and airing, hurts the hatch and has exactly the same effect in weakening the chicks. You will find it better to make a fireless brooder exactly as described in the February COMFORT. A lantern in a large box would not furnish sufficient warmth to keep the chicks comfortable at night, and if they get chilled it means bowel trouble and loss. I should think you might be able to exchange corn for oats without any extra expense. Read answer to B. E. M. in this issue about making up balanced rations.

C. W. S.—Your losses last year were certainly very heavy, and I am sorry to say that I can't help you. If it had all happened at one time, I should have suspected poison, but as you have had the same experience for two summers, it can't possibly be that. I advise you to send a full and very minute description of the symptoms and the exact care you gave the chicks to the Agricultural Experiment Station at Cornell College, Ithaca, New York, and see if they can help you. Kaffir corn is usually to be bought at the large grain stores. About ducks, see the department this month.

G. H. K.—The birds were suffering from coccidiosis, which is contagious and may have been introduced into your flock by a new fowl, pigeons, wild birds, rats or mice. It is caused by a very minute form of animal life. Birds may appear dull, sleepy and lose weight, or they may die suddenly without showing any outward signs of the disease. Kill all birds that look sickly or suspicious and burn the bodies. Clean up the chicken house and have the yards plowed or dug up. Add four grains of catechu to every quart of drinking water for the remaining birds and give a mash made by moistening ground grain with castor oil once a week for three weeks.

Important to Poultry Raisers

Chicago, March 1.—Incubators and brooders have been exempted from railway embargoes. The farmers and poultrymen of America whose early orders have been held up at points of shipments will now get their machines without interruption, and those who have held back their orders because of the rail embargo situation can breathe easy and get their orders in quickly, with the knowledge of uninterrupted shipment.

Playing Hide-and-Seek for a Bride

The chase is the chief characteristic of a wedding among the Koraks of Siberia. It takes place in the family home, which consists of a large tent made into many compartments. In these the two principals of the drama play a modified version of our own game of hide-and-seek.

In the center of the spacious tent the guests assemble. Much hot tea is drunk while one of the number grouped about the fire, beats zealously upon a drum. After bringing in a bunch of willows and placing one in each room, the drummer breaks into a loud song which increases in volume at the entrance of the bridal pair.

At the most intense moment of the drumming and singing a relative of the bride signals to her. Fleet as a doe, she springs into the first compartment. The hopeful bridegroom follows with his fastest pace. If he fails to overtake the maiden, he will wear a bachelor's frown until two years pass, when he may try again.

Being a bridegroom among the Koraks is an ordeal, for in each of the rooms a woman with willow shoots awaits the matrimonial candidate and lashes him freely when he enters. Other women throw reindeer skins before him. He therefore travels a path of stumbling-blocks and entanglements.

The girl may legally refuse her suitor at the last moment. The hindrances to the groom are sufficient to prevent him from capturing the bride, who goes rapidly through all the compartments, for she is neither whipped nor tangled in skins. In the last section she is supposed to wait for him; but, if she suddenly changes her mind, she may give him the mitten by emerging alone.

A Korak groom, however, rarely worries about such a possibility nor resents the beating he gets from the women who wield the willows. He knows the whipping and the dropping of the reindeer skins before him are merely make-believe and that a Korak maiden invariably waits in the last compartment.

SAVE ALL YOUR CHICKS

E. J. Reefer, poultry expert of 204 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a new book which tells of a simple home solution that raises 98 per cent. of all chicks hatched and cures white diarrhœa over night. All poultry raisers should write for this valuable free book. Adv.

Their Troubles

Two loyal German-Americans, related to each other by marriage as husband and wife, were both assailed simultaneously with a variety of sneezes and coughs which betoken influenza.

"Ah," the wife explained, "I have a colt in mine old gray head."

"And," the husband speedily rejoined, "I haf a horse in mine throat."

Raise Chicks Without Loss

How many chicks have you lost from bowel trouble? How many died in the shell? Stop wasting time, money and good eggs. Thousands say that the suggestions of the widely known poultry expert T. E. Quisenberry, Box 1004, Leavenworth, Kans., President of the American Poultry School have enabled them to hatch and raise more chicks with less work, less loss and at lower cost than ever before. Mr. Quisenberry sends his bulletin on "Feeding and Raising Chicks" without charge to our readers who are interested. His suggestions will save you money and chicks. Write before all the bulletins are gone.—Advertisement.

Do You Get What You Pay For?

Food Tests that Any Woman Can Make

By Henry M. Crawford

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ARE you sure you always get what you pay for? Things are not always what they seem, in spite of pure food laws. There are three substances sometimes sold as butter: Dairy or creamery butter, renovated butter and oleomargarine. Now each of these substances is, if in good condition, perfectly wholesome for human food, but the prices should be different. Dairy or creamery butter is made from cream kept a certain number of days until it acquires just the right degree of sourness, and no extraneous substance, except salt and butter color, may be added lawfully. Renovated butter is made from a miscellaneous assortment of country butter, some strong and some sweet. This is all melted together and the curd and brine drawn off. All froth and scum are removed and air blown violently through it to take away all rancid odor. Milk is then added and it is churned the same as fresh butter. Oleomargarine is made from cottonseed oil, beef fat or lard, mixed with partly soured skim milk.

There are certain very simple tests by which the housewife can distinguish fresh butter from the renovated product and both from oleomargarine. All that is needed for the experiment is a spoon, a small stick or splinter of wood and either a gas flame or the flame of a lamp. Place a tiny bit of the butter in a spoon and hold it over the flame, stirring frequently, with the bit of wood and continue until it boils rapidly. If it foams freely and boils very quietly, it is genuine butter. Renovated butter will spatter considerably and foam but little, while oleomargarine spatters profusely but does not foam.

Cocoa is often adulterated with starch. This can be detected by putting a spoonful in a cup and adding boiling water. If any starch is there, the liquid shows a marked thickening which will not be noticeable to any great extent if the cocoa is pure. Very cheap brands of cocoa often contain ground cocoa shells. This is easily detected by its slight grittiness.

Coffee adulterants are not hard to detect. Real coffee grains are dull, while some of the substances put in to cheapen the article are as bright as though they had been polished. Coffee grains also contain a good deal of oil and will float. Throw a spoonful into a glass of water. If after standing a little while the water is colored a deep brown, it is certain that chicory is present, for coffee grains unless crushed and boiled do not possess this property. If you see the water turning brown and some of the grains at the bottom of the glass instead of floating on top, you had better buy another brand of coffee.

Tea is very rarely adulterated.

Occasionally pickles or canned vegetables, peas, beans or spinach are a bright green color that makes them look fresh and attractive. This is due to coloring with copper. If you have reason to suspect any food of this kind, mash a little of it and put it in a bottle with equal parts of water and household ammonia. Copper always turns ammonia blue, so if on shaking thoroughly you find that the mixture is turning even slightly blue you may know that copper is present and will, if you are sensible, beware of that brand in the future.

Beware of food adulteration in these times of high prices. The higher prices go and the scarcer the genuine article becomes, the greater the profit in adulteration and the greater the temptation for an unscrupulous manufacturer to resort to this species of camouflage.

Present conditions have driven nearly everyone to become a bargain hunter and try to mitigate the stress of the high cost of living by purchasing the cheaper article, especially if the dealer or maker claims it to be "just as good" as the costlier rival product.

As a rule you get less for your money by purchasing the lower priced article. There are various ways of fooling you with the cheaper goods. The package may hold less, or the article may be diluted with water, which is an easy way to cheapen the cost of flavoring extracts or ammonia. These tricks are detrimental only to your pocketbook, but far worse are the adulterations which introduce substances injurious to health. Because war flour and the almost prohibitive price of eggs have necessitated a larger use of baking powder, it is well to add a word of caution against alum and other substitutes for cream of tartar. Cream of tartar is very expensive and a pure cream of tartar and soda baking powder cannot be sold cheap, but it is worth the price in health.

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AN ELEPHANT'S BREAKFAST.—The British Forest Department of India uses elephants for piling and arranging logs at the timber depots. In the Sungam district the huge pachyderms are turned loose every evening and they do their own foraging for green fodder and juicy shoots of bamboo.

Each morning the mahouts or keepers rustle out and round up their charges. Then they march the animals to the nearest river or stream, command them to lie down in the water, and give them a real-for-sure bath minus soap and other luxuries.

An elephant does not object to his bath, for he knows that breakfast follows. He probably regards the meal as a reward for his good behavior; so it is, for his allowance would be reduced or not given him if he became stubborn or unruly.

The breakfast consists of one maund (or twenty-four pounds) of rice for each elephant. The diners arrange themselves around a mat which suffices as a table. Then the cook, walking on the mat, serves the rice in the proper order.

The elephants exhibit excellent table manners. The cook makes the boiled food into balls as large as a man's head and gives four or five to each animal. As the cook lifts each ball, the bulky diner opens wide his mouth to receive the huge morsel. Elephants, unlike hogs, eat quietly.

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The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

When he threw away the stump she was sitting quite motionless, but she was dry-eyed.

At dinner he looked at her covertly and wondered why on earth she wore a black gown. It made her eyes look dark and gave the red and white of her face an unearthly clearness.

"She looks awfully old, somehow," the boy thought uneasily. "I hope she doesn't go and make another break tonight. She looks——" even to himself he did not say "desperate." After all, he knew no reason why she should be.

But when he went into the drawing-room, after putting Mr. Jacobs to bed, something caught at his heart. Neither Ravenel nor Captain Gordon were there; and all the women but the duchess had a furtive look

"Beasts, women!" Sir Thomas retreated as suddenly as he had entered, determined to fetch his sister to her senses, or die. But at an open window in the hall something moving outside in the moonlight caught his eye, and checked his hasty walk. He hung out recklessly, and saw two figures disappear into the shrubbery, a man and a woman in a black dress!

"She's mad," said the boy, with something like a sob in his throat. And turned round to see Ravenel and Levallion looking at him.

"I—I felt dizzy," he stammered, scarcely believing his eyes; for if this were Ravenel, who was that outside?

"I don't wonder," said Levallion cheerfully. "In another minute I'd have hauled you in by the legs. Come and play blind man's buff with the rest of the idiots I have taken into my house."

"I think I'll take a stroll. It's hot in there. Where," in pure blank desperation, "is Gordon?"

"Gone to bed. He starts at seven," and just as if he were sorry for the girl who stood by in silence, Lord Levallion did not look at her as he followed her into the lights, the scent, the circle of women—enlightened by Lady Gwendolen—that made his own drawing-room a place of torment.

Sir Thomas, in his thin shoes and no cap, slipped unnoticed out into the moonlight, pure curiosity his only motive. The woman had looked like a lady, a lady's long dress and voluminous evening cloak had showed plainly where she stood in the clear moonlight. The night was bright as day, the air warm, almost balmy, as if the moon had brought back summer when the sunset chill was gone.

"I don't believe it was any old kitchen-maid last night," he thought, as he followed the path by which the mysterious man and woman had vanished. "I could see very well, but I believe it was, well—whoever it was now!" rather feebly. No one had told him of the lady who had come to ask for Gordon, and he had never chanced to pass that new bungalow that had given Levallion such an unpleasant surprise. Against his will there cropped up in his mind those old stories of Levallion; if one half of them were true, there must be several women ready to eat their hearts by staring in at his respectable married windows! Sir Thomas hoped devoutly there was not going to be any fuss. The path led him from the gardens into the park, across the grass among the deer, and into a thick tangled wood. But the boughs were leafless, and the moon showed him that the path went on still, a dark thread between the dead bracken under the crowding trees. It wound on and on, and the night silence of the wood somehow quieted Tommy Annesley. Through the arching boughs overhead he could see the cloudless indigo sky; the moon peeped at him in uncanny suddenness from different directions as the path twisted. He stepped more and more cautiously, as if the noise of a breaking twig under his feet would have been a crime in the stirless quiet of the wood

"This is rot," he thought, stopping once. "No one can be here," but something drove him on again even while he called himself a fool. The curious awe that was on him deepened till, without knowing it, he was moving noiseless as a midnight thief walking a strange road. With a queer thrill he pulled up standing; slipped, before the moon caught the telltale black and white of his clothes in the surrounding dimness, behind the trunk of a great girtled oak. The path had stopped, as suddenly as the trees and undergrowth it ran through. Before him was a clear, circular space, covered with wan, short grass, and drifts of brown, dead leaves the moon made fantastic. In the middle of it stood one huge oak-tree, where clusters of dead leaves still hung like banners against the moon on the branches that stretched over a solitary flat rock; dark, high, like an altar.

"What on earth," thought Sir Thomas, peering cautiously. His bewilderment could not put itself into words

The oak-tree was between him and the moon. If there was any one beside it, they were blotted out against its thick bulk of darkness. But what was that clear, steady glitter on the rock? A crystal, starry glitter that in one spot turned to worn gold?

A quick rustling behind him made him turn with apprehensive annoyance. No one likes to be caught inspecting the world from behind a tree. But the rustling was Mr. Jacobs.

"Lie down!" whispered Sir Thomas savagely. "What silly fool let you out?" He grabbed the humble Jacobs—who had been vastly proud of escaping from bed and scenting him out—in his arms, that he might not bark; and suddenly felt that he was glad that the dog had come. For the place was ghostly.

"It's impossible, though, to lug him and edge round a bit nearer!" he thought, deeply interested in that glitter which was no business of his. "By George!"

A man had come from against the tree, hoisted himself rather clumsily on the breast-high rock, and seized the golden shining point that had taken Sir Thomas' eye. A familiar pop, and a quick gurgling came through the quiet air; Tommy nearly dropped Mr. Jacobs as he grabbed his jaws together to stop a bark.

"Champagne! a—well, I'm blowed! I've come all the way out here to gaze on a moonlight picnic. Lord knows who they are!" as a woman swung herself lightly, boyishly, beside the man and stretched her hand out for the glass he held.

The two were whispering—and oh! if Tommy Annesley could only have heard those muffled voices!—presently the man laughed, and a woman's laugh answered him; shrill, hysterical, strained; full of that fierce madness that would change the sound of the laugh of the sister you grew up with, and make it unrecognizable. The incongruous horror that was in that laugh caught Tommy's nerves, slacked his grip of Jacobs. He had never dreamed any woman's laugh could sound like the howl of a wild beast.

Mr. Jacobs felt he could not bear it. He gave a low, shivery growl, and before Sir Thomas knew it, was on the ground, running like a wiry white devil straight to that picnic-party that sat unawares. He ran quick—that was what froze Tommy's voice in his throat. If he had barked it would not have mattered what he rushed at, but a silent Jacobs was another thing, as dogs and cats knew.

Before Sir Thomas could get clear of his hiding place, the need was over. Jacobs had flown straight at the man's legs, where they hung over the rock, but with a wild leap his prey had sprung to the top of the mighty slab, where he stood upright, never making the slightest motion toward the woman beside him, whose long cloak had hung over his menaced legs. Tommy heard Jacobs fall back heavily as he missed his spring; saw him pick himself up, trot deliberately back to his master, slowly and with puzzled growling, as of a dog who had been deceived.

The boy stooped and took something from the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Turning Yellow into White

SUCH a lot of sallow skins, and lack-luster eyes, and pimples here and there, and black rings under the eyes, as I am hearing about. And, girls, not one of these things has to be! It is just as if you had let your country be overrun by an invading force, and were folding your hands and sighing over their depredations, doing nothing more active than plaintively asking: "What shall I do?"

The answer is "Do? Why, drive them out!" You have allowed your own special domain of good looks to be invaded by all these beauty defects, and our job, now, is to get right to work and drive them away.

IN THE MORNING EAT PRUNES WHICH HAVE BEEN SOAKED OVER NIGHT.

It's really quite easy, girls—just takes a little bit of "keeping at it." To begin with, sallow complexions come from inactive organs—liver, stomach, bowels. And your particular task, therefore, if you want to get rid of the yellow skin, is to make them active. Exercise will do this, and you should get at least half an hour a day of vigorous exercise—the kind which exercises waist and abdomen muscles.

Then, help out your digestion by the choice of your foods, and the manner of preparing them, and, most important of all, the manner of eating them. If you will chew every mouthful of food until it is fluid before swallowing it, you will never have one hour's trouble with indigestion you couldn't have if you tried. Your stomach will have such a delightfully easy time, that it will grow strong and well, and it will extract from the food you eat every particle of nourishment, whereas in the past you have failed to digest your food properly, so have not gotten what it had to give you in strength, flesh or energy.

You can't have a clear skin if the eliminative functions of the body are not active—the pores of the skin must be kept open, and the bowels regular. A daily bath, even just a quick sponge, and daily exercise, will take care of the pores; exercise, food and liquids will take care of the bowels. Don't forget my ancient slogan of "Drink eight to ten glasses of water a day"—obey it! Put half-a-dozen prunes to soak in a tumbler of warm water every night, and drink the juice and eat the prunes the next morning—they are better as a corrective than medicine. Eat apples, raw, baked and made into apple sauce, sliced oranges, grapefruit, honey, spinnach when you can get it, bran bread, stewed or pressed figs, pineapple. These foods will act as vigorous correctives, and if you see that they are included in your meals at least twice a day, to supplement the water you drink and the exercise you take, I can warrant you that the days will be few indeed before the yellow tinge will be gone from your cheeks, and the dullness from your eyes, while pimples will have fled in dismay.

It's worth following, girls—this advice of mine. Try it, and here's good luck to you.

Answers to Questions

WORRIED.—If your face is red, and your pores large, I imagine you use too much hot water and soap on your face. Soap eats away the outer skin and exposes the tender under skin, which chaps and roughens easily. Use soap on the face only at night, and then do not rub it on, but make a soapy water and wash it with that. In the morning use tepid water and wash thoroughly, and rinse in cold water, which closes the pores. If your pores are large, see that they are thoroughly clean before applying cold water. It would be a good idea for you to use face cream occasionally at night, before going to bed. Rub it well in, and l a towel over your pillow so that you will not soil the case. You do not need to use powder at your age. If you do not use soap on the face, the skin will not be shiny. Try using some beauty bags to wash your face—which are bags of cheese-cloth, made of two pieces two by four inches in size, and half filled with rolled oats. Use as a wash-cloth, dipping quickly in the water and out again, and rubbing the face with them. They cleanse perfectly and leave the skin smooth and white. Do not rub with a towel, after, but pat the face dry. A little white powdery substance remains which can be gently rubbed over the skin. Your hands are probably red from the same cause—too much soap and hot water, and probably careless drying, as well. Of course you must use soap on the hands, but it need not be rubbed on, the soapy water being used instead. Try to use as mild a soap as possible. The white soaps for kitchen use are all right, but the yellow soaps redden the hands. If you use your hands in dishwater, be sure to rinse carefully afterward in clear water, and never put your hands directly from hot water into cold. If you will observe these precautions, I think both hands and face will improve. Keep a good hand lotion to rub on the hands after washing. Here is a good formula

Four drams bruised quince seeds, one pint of water. Simmer over stove until it measures half a pint, then strain into four ounces of glycerine. To this may be added a few drops of oil of geranium. Acacia seeds may be substituted for quince seeds. For your height, five feet, six inches, you should weigh, when you are a little older, one hundred and forty-three pounds. One hundred and thirty-eight is a perfectly good weight for you, at fifteen.

BROWN EYES.—Blackheads are caused by dirt lodging in the pores. The way to get rid of them is to keep the face scrupulously clean. Use a complexion brush —of camel's hair, which is soft—and scrub the face with that at night. A daily bath of the entire person stimulates the pores to throw off all secretions and is, therefore, a good way to help get rid of the blackheads. Rub the skin well, after a bath. If it is not convenient to take a tub bath daily, you can give yourself a quick sponge bath, standing on a bath towel. Scrupulous cleanliness will help the condition of your scalp, also, for the health of your hair depends upon the entire body. Shampoo the hair once in two or three weeks—probably two weeks, in your case. I have given directions many times for making a shampoo jelly to use; do not rub soap on the hair. Be careful about rinsing and drying. Every night massage the scalp with the flat of the finger tips, moving the scalp back and forth on the skull. This stimulates the circulation of blood and helps to nourish the hair and strengthen it. Look after your general health, especially your bowels. Drink lots of water. About the bust, which you say is small for your age, you do not tell me its size. You should not have a very large bust, being only five feet, three inches tall. Any arm and chest exercise will develop the bust—or will reduce a too fat bust. Funny—isn't it?—how exercise works two ways; that is because exercise wears away just fat, but develops *muscle*. Try the various exercises lately given in COMFORT, and practice them at least twice a day for ten or fifteen minutes. Why try to get a much larger bust? Slim busts are very fashionable, these days, and many a society woman would no doubt sigh for yours!

LILY.—If your hair is falling out and splitting at the ends, it is not getting enough nourishment. Your whole body probably needs attention. See answer to "Brown Eyes." Brush your hair nightly, from fifty to one hundred strokes. Get plenty of outdoor exercise, sleep with your windows open, select sensible foods, avoiding fried foods, but eating plenty of fresh fruits and green vegetables. Do not shampoo oftener than once in three weeks, if your hair is dry. Be sure to massage scalp nightly. You may occasionally massage in a little oil. Use a medicine dropper, and run down a part in the hair, then rub oil gently in; do the same with another part; and with another, then massage all over the scalp, starting at the oily parts and moving to oiled surfaces. In this way a few drops of oil can be spread over the scalp without leaving it greasy and unpleasant. Be careful not to drop the oil on the *hair*, nor to touch the hair itself with oily fingers—keep the fingers pressed just against the scalp and massage until every particle of the oil is absorbed. Do not brush that night, but brush lightly in the morning. The important thing for you to remember, however, is that if you want beautiful healthy hair, you must have a healthy body, bathed daily, fed properly, exercised regularly, and every function, such as those of stomach and bowels, taken care of as it should be.

WILD ROSE.—You say you cannot shampoo in the winter because you are not very strong. Your hair will certainly fall out, as you say it is doing, if you do not shampoo it, and your dandruff of which you complain comes from no other cause. You cannot possibly suffer any harm from shampooing your hair, whether in winter or summer. Better get at it at once. Do not under any circumstances use a dry shampoo, that will only make matters worse and you will lose more hair than you have lost already. If you will prepare a soap jelly by shaving white soap into boiling water, half a cake to a quart, dissolving over the stove and setting away to cool and will use that to rub your hair with, after wetting it, you will find it excellent. Lather thoroughly, and rub, then rinse, lather again, rub thoroughly, rinse; lather a third time, rub, and rinse, rinse, rinse. Pour pitcher after pitcher of very warm water over your scalp, if you have not a bath spray, and finally dip your head in a tub or large pan and submerge it many times. Finally rinse the hair with cool water, then dry in the sun or by a stove, shaking constantly and rubbing to prevent any feeling of chill. Get the hair entirely dry—"bone-dry"—before putting it up; and do not go outdoors for a couple of hours. You won't catch cold, if you follow this plan, and you certainly need the shampoo. Your whole health suffers to some extent when your hair is not properly shampooed

EVERY TIME IS THE TIME TO DRINK WATER.

NORTHPORT.—See answers to "Brown Eyes," "Wild Rose" and several others this month, for hair seems to be our favorite topic.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Slow Mail Service

during the last three months has caused delay in the delivery of magazines, much to the annoyance of subscribers and publishers.

Our January, February and March issues were mailed on time, as usual; likewise this present April number is being mailed seasonably.

Please understand, therefore, that if COMFORT has failed to reach you at the usual time in any of these months, it was because of delay in transporting the mails, and NOT our fault. —Publisher of COMFORT.

SKIN LIKE LILY IN A FEW DAYS

How to Make Hair Start Growing at Once, The Secret of a Youthful Face, and Other Ways to Quick Beauty.

To Grow Hair in a Few Days.

YOU can now make your hair start growing quickly and in great profusion by a simple home method, filling out bald spots, stop falling of hair and give your tresses a splendid sheen of vigor and health. If your hair is thin, breaks or falls out easily on brushing, if it is short and dull-looking, you'll notice a very remarkable difference in a few days by making up at home in a few moments a mixture of one ounce of beta-quinol (which you can obtain at any drug store for fifty cents) and a half pint each of bay rum and water, or with a full pint of witchhazel instead of the bay rum and water, if desired. This makes the most economical hair grower and gives unusual results.

Complexion Like a Rose.

This is a positive way to get rid of red spots, muddiness and sallowness, freckles and other blemishes, giving as queenly a tint and purity to the skin as you could ever wish for. This is done by the simple mixture of one ounce of sintone, two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and a pint of water. The sintone can be obtained for fifty cents at any drug store. This makes more complexion cream than you can get, at an equal price, in prepared form, and is extremely effective. Try it.

Brings Youth to the Face.

Wrinkles? Worry about them no longer. Try this unusually effective way and you will be able to make your face look years younger. Crow's feet, wrinkles, sagging cheeks, lines of age, have you any of these? Try this, it makes the skin more vigorous and plump: At any drug store you can obtain a two-ounce package of eptol for fifty cents. Mix this with a tablespoonful of glycerine in a half-pint of water. It will do the work.

Let Hair and Scalp Breathe.

A perfectly clean scalp makes hair grow more luxuriantly. A teaspoonful of eggol dissolved in a half cup of water makes an extraordinary hair and scalp wash, dissolving away all accumulations and dandruff, outclasses soap and water. For twenty-five cents you get enough eggol at any drug store to give a dozen or more shampoos.

Have You Superfluous Hair?

Dissolve them away,—it is the only way. Don't burn them off, irritating the skin, as is often done. Apply some sulfo solution to the hairs, which will cost a dollar at any drug store, and every hair, even on delicate skins, will shrink and dissolve away, leaving the skin free from redness, delightfully smooth and white.

For Arm-Pit Perspiration.

For excessive and unnatural arm pit perspiration, there is nothing better than hydrolized talc, which costs fifty cents at the drug store. It is applied just like talcum, is scientifically prepared and keeps the arm-pits dry-fresh, prevents fading of garments, discomfort and embarrassment. Besides, it destroys all body odors. It is splendid in results.

If you find difficulty in obtaining any of the articles mentioned above, simply send your name and address, with the price, to Cooper Pharmacal Co., 487 Thompson Bldg. Chicago, Ill., mentioning the articles desired.

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[illegible] streaks of gray can [illegible] away with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. It isn't a dye, but a real restorer [illegible] restores the original color in from 4 to 8 days.

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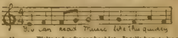

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Spring Fashions

By Geneva Gladding

SEPARATE waists, like separate skirts, have lost none of their popularity.

The new Spring models are lovely in batiste or crepe in white, cream or flesh color. For slim figures there are pretty models in surplice effects, with soft fullness over the bust. The long sleeve is of course new and fashionable, but with the approach of warm weather one will see many waists with short sleeves.

The separate skirt, aside from its service for business and general wear, is now shown in all sorts of smart fabrics and styles for sports wear. Fancy striped satins, plaid suiting and jersey cloth are among the popular materials of this kind.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 12c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

2371—A Very Attractive Waist. This model will be especially nice for crepe and silk. It may also be developed in flannel, velvet, linen or batiste.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require three and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2372—A Dainty Frock for the Little Miss. Lawn, batiste, voile, dimity, serge, silk and gabardine are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. Size six requires three and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2374—A Smart Dress for Home Wear. This model is nice for gingham, linen, seersucker, percale, gabardine, serge and silk.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2377—A Good Model for a Tailored Waist. Linen, satin, crepe, crepe de chine, madras, lawn and pique, are good for this style.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2382—A New and Attractive Style for the Growing Girl. This model with the left front crossing over the right at its closing is very good for linen and other wash materials. It is also nice for serge, satin and taffeta.

Cut in five sizes; eight, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 requires three and three fourths yards of 44-inch material.

2383—A New and Stylish Skirt. The pockets may be omitted. Serge, gabardine, satin, silk, broadcloth, jersey, linen, gingham, voile and crepe and other fabrics are good for this model.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires three yards of 36-inch material.

2384 Waist; 2381 Skirt—A Pretty Afternoon or Calling Gown. Embroidered voile with lace insertion, or bands of contrasting material would be nice.

The Waist Pattern 2384 is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt 2381 is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. A dress for [illegible] size as illustrated, will require [illegible] and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Two separate patterns 12 cents *for each* pattern.

2387—A Good and Practical Model. This style is nice for percale, drill, gingham, seersucker, linen and alpaca. It has ample pockets and the fullness is held over sides and back by a belt.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2388—A Dainty and Becoming Negligee. Figured crepe, dotted Swiss, lawn, batiste, organdy, China silk, washable satin, albatross and cashmere are all nice for this model.

Cut in four sizes; Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require five and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2390—A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl. This model has full skirt proportions, joined to a square yoke. The bolero may be omitted. Batiste, voile, linen, lawn, gingham, chambray, percale, silk and pique are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. Size six requires three yards of 44-inch material.

2391—A Good School Dress for the Growing Girl. Striped seersucker, gingham, percale, galatea, linen, khaki, voile, taffeta, foulard, serge and gabardine are nice for this model.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires three and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2397—A Smart Dress for Mother's Girl. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The style is good for gabardine, batiste, voile, crepe, albatross, linen, pique, and other wash fabrics.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. Size six requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2399—A New and Attractive Shirt Waist. This style is nice for satin, linen, batiste, lawn, taffeta and crepe.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires three yards of 36-inch material.

2401—A Simple, Smart Design. Serge, voile, linen, gabardine, gingham, chambray, khaki, shantung, and foulard are nice for this model. There are two styles of sleeve.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires five and three fourths yards of 40-inch material.

2413—A New Dress for Mother's Girl. This is a good model for wash fabrics, for plain and figured voile, for silk, gabardine, serge, checked and plaid suiting. The dress is made to slip over the head.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material.

1672—Child's Rompers, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Gingham, chambray, percale, galatea, flannelette, serge, repp, linen and poplin are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. Size six years requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material.

1710—Girls' Apron. Gingham, percale, chambray, lawn, drill, jean or sateen could be used for this style.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and one fourth yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

1715—Ladies' Apron with or without Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths and with Collar, or with Neck Edge in Square Outline. Percale, brilliantine, mohair, sateen, gingham, seersucker, lawn or cambric may be used for this design.

Cut in three sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires six and three fourths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size with sleeves; without sleeves, six yards.

1721—A Good Model for a School or Play Dress. Striped dimity is here shown in blue and white, with white batiste for collar, cuffs and belt. Checked or plaid gingham, chambray, percale, galatea, serge, voile, poplin, repp or linen would be nice, too. The sleeve in wrist length has a band cuff. In short length the sleeve is ideal for warm weather. It is finished with a trimming band.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for an eight year size.

1945—Child's Set of Short Clothes. Cambric, lawn and muslin are good for the slip. For the dress, batiste, lawn, cambric, percale, flannelette, challie or cashmere could be used.

Cut in five sizes; six months, one year, two, three and four years. It will require for the dress two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material. For the drawers, three fourths yard, for the slip on and two and one half yards for a two-year size.

2013—Ladies' Apron Dress. This model may serve as a house dress. Percale, gingham, seersucker, crepe, lawn and alpaca are good for its development.

Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a 34-inch size.

2024—Ladies' House Dress with Sleeve in Wrist or Elbow Length. This design is good for striped seersucker, for checked gingham, repp, poplin, flannelette, linen, drill and other washable fabrics.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a 36 inch size.

2356—A New and Pretty Night Robe. This model is lovely for lawn, batiste, dimity, washable satin, linen, crepe and silk.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires four and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2357—Ladies' Cover-All Apron. Here is a smart apron model in one-piece style, which closes at the front over the sleeve portions. Gingham, percale or seersucker are good for its development.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires five and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2358—Child's Rompers in Two-Piece Style, with Sleeves in Either of Two Lengths. This style is developed with the bloomers buttoned to the waist. It is nice for khaki, percale, galatea, gingham, chambray, flannelette and serge.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. Size six requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2361—A Practical Set of Clothes for an Infant. For the cloak, one could use serge, silk, gabardine, Bedford cord, or albatross. The dress could be of lawn, batiste or mull. The cap of any seasonable material, and the kimono of flannel, cashmere, silk or linen. The pattern comprises all of the styles illustrated.

Cut in one size only. The cloak requires three and three eighths yards. The dress two and five eighths yards. The cap one half yard. The kimono three fourths yard of 36-inch material.

2367—A Style Very Becoming to Growing Girls. Black satin with braid trimming, navy-blue charmeuse with facings of white satin, brown serge with pipings of burnt orange, or green gabardine with trimming of tan faille, would be nice for this model.

Cut in four sizes; 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require four and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

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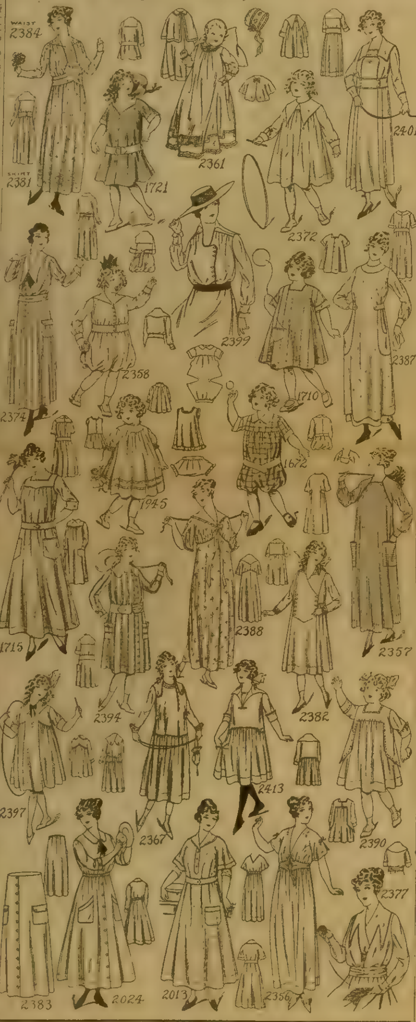

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The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

dog's shut jaws. He had seized the woman's cloak.

"Not her, or she'd have yelled!" he thought with relief. And then as the man moved, a living silhouette against the cold moonshine, Sir Thomas Annesley knew him.

"I wonder," he thought, sick and shaken, "if the moon's made me crazy?" He made a step toward the pair on the rock—and oh! if he had only gone close to them—and then drew back. It was no business of his. But the thing was so unpleasant that he held his tongue about it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DARK GLASS.

"Adrian's gone," said Lady Levallion to herself as she woke the next morning. She knew she ought to be glad of it, thankful that he was no longer in Levallion's house; for which reason, probably, she dragged herself out of bed and thought with blank loathing of the empty day before her; of the women who must be amused; of Levallion, who must not see she missed any one.

"I might as well pretend not to care if Tommy died!" she said bitterly. "For it's just the same. If I know anything about Adrian, he will never see me again, of his own accord."

There was a letter on the plate at breakfast, and for one half second she thought he might have written a bare half-dozen words of farewell to the woman he had meant to live and die with. But the common envelope, the scrawled address, undeceived her. It was a begging letter, and she opened it listlessly, and hardly noticed some scraps of torn pasteboard that fell out of it. But as she read the soiled half-sheet of common writing, Gwendolen Brook nudged Colonel Scarsdale. Lady Levallion's face was a dull crimson from forehead to chin.

Even Levallion noticed it, as she stuffed the letter into her pocket and gathered up those fallen bits of pasteboard. Noticed, too, that the very instant breakfast was over, she went to her own sitting-room, scarcely waiting to hear the plans for the day. Yet it was not the letter that had brought the blood to her face. That was from the Umbrella, as Tommy had prophesied; and the news in it was late for the market, except that it gave chapter and verse of what Ravenel had only guessed at.

Lady Annesley had turned Adams out, she had lost her savings, was at a farmhouse half a mile off, with no money and—she thought—dying. Would Miss Ravenel come to her, as she could not die with her wickedness on her mind? It was she who had warned Lady Annesley of that wild dream of marriage with Adrian Gordon, she who had shown him Ravenel's torn Sunday frock on the day of the duchess' party, and said that as Miss Annesley could not go to the fete for want of a dress, she had gone to the country town with Sir Thomas.

"This is the card Captain Gordon left for you the day you was out," it wound up. "I send it so you may see it is true. Her ladyship cut his ring off your neck that day you know of, and gave me five pounds to post it to him. I kept the torn card just to have something to hold over her. But she didn't care, and she turned me off. I'm a dying woman, I feel it. They'll let me die here; if you'll come over and say you know me—and, oh, Miss Ravenel, do come and say you forgive me! For I saw you at your wedding, and I wake up nights and see your face, which was like a dead person's. I don't want your money, the parish can bury me, only you to say you did not mind about Captain Gordon."

"I won't go," thought Ravenel, laying down the letter.

"She always hated me. She's only doing this to pay Sylvia out. I couldn't see her. I won't let any one tell me things—or pity me," but even as she said it she knew she would go. She was never a good hater, and the woman was dying—or thought so.

She laid the scraps of card on the table and pieced them together. There was one bit gone. The Umbrella must have left it with her ladyship's rubbish-basket. But she made out the penciled, pitifully-guarded scrawl, in spite of the missing corner.

"Dear Miss Annesley"—it ran—"how have I missed you? Didn't you get my letter?
I sail tomorrow, but
after mess. Please."

"Forgive her!" said Ravenel, making sense well enough, for she knew the missing words must have been. "I'll come back tonight" and "meet me" because of Adrian's story of his useless waiting in the garden. "I can't forgive her. I don't believe I ever forgave anything in all my life, or forgot, either. I'll send her money, but I never want to see her as long as I live."

A sound at the door startled her into saying, "Come in" before she swept the patched card off the table. It was only Levallion, but his face

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

grew gray as he saw her put her arm sharply over the torn card, the scrawled letter. Something that had been on his lips died there, and there flashed up in his mind, like an instantaneous photograph, the memory of Adrian falling in a dead faint under the trees, and the little inarticulate, dreadful cry with which Ravenel had sprung toward him.

"Are you coming out?" he said. "They are waiting for you," and he went away without waiting for an answer.

Her back had been to the door. She had not seen his face, nor could she dream that outside in the lonely passage he stood for one instant, and hid his worn face in his hands. The next second he threw into a jar of flowers a scrap of pencilled card Lady Gwendolen had said sweetly was his wife's; "Lady Levallion had dropped it."

"It's not very valuable," Levallion had answered, glancing at the scrap, and taking in both sides of it with the quickness habitual to him. But now, when he had seen her poring over some fragments exactly like it, he cursed his quick eyes and Lady Gwendolen. For on one side of the quarter-card was "Gordon - Hussars." On the other, "I'll come back tonight. Meet me. 'A. G.'" No wonder Ravenel had turned red and torn it up.

"Quid pro quo!" said Lord Levallion slowly. "It's my turn now, I suppose, having taken a wife instead of borrowing one. But I don't think there'll be any meeting!" He straightened himself, wearily, and went out shooting as if his heart was not like lead. Somehow, he had lacked either courage or inclination to tell Ravenel what he knew. And she never dreamed he would have listened to the silly, childish story that meant nothing now, except to her and Adrian.

She sent some money to Adams, with a carefully written note to the effect that she knew of nothing she had to forgive, since nothing Lady Annesley or her maid had done had caused her any harm. It was a lie of course, but there was nothing else Levallion's wife could say. She breathed freer when it was gone.

But when the shooting-party came home, Levallion's face somehow worried her. All the softness was wiped off it, and he talked as the old Levallion had been wont to, not the new. She waited for him in her dressing room till the gong went for dinner, but he never came. And when he passed her in the drawing-room on his way to give his arm to the duchess, she stopped him.

"Levallion," she whispered, her hand on his arm, "what's the matter? Aren't you well?"

"Perfectly, thank you," he said quietly, but he never looked at her. A sudden gust of wicked temper shook him like a leaf; if they had been alone he would have broken out in questions that would have ended in relief; but here before every one made him shake off her hand as if it had been a snake—to wish the next second that he had kissed her before the whole room.

For as he looked straight before him he met Lady Gwendolen's amused, insolent eyes, and knew that all he knew she knew also; and his knowledge of it besides. His lordship went into dinner with the cheerful conviction that at forty-seven he had made a fool of himself—before the people! And it did not soften his heart to his wife.

A curious second light, born of strained nerves, made him slip away from the men some ten minutes after the women had left the dining-room. And crossing the hall was what he had expected, Ravenel in a hat and cloak, hurrying to a side door. Levallion's heart turned over.

"Where are you going?" he said, very quietly. But his hand that caught her arm was not gentle.

"To—out—the man's waiting——" she gasped, utterly terrified. "Levallion, don't look at me like that! It's a poor woman who sent for me this morning, and I wouldn't go. She's sent again today; she isn't dying, but she must see me. Thought I could go and be back before you came out of the dining-room. The woman knows me, she used to be Lady Annesley's maid. Look!" she held out a scrawled letter.

But no one knew better than Levallion that any letter might mean anything. He flickered it to the ground contemptuously.

"You have excellent reason to go and see your stepmother's maid," he said, careless that he betrayed ill-gotten knowledge. "But I fancy not tonight. You can drive over in the morning. Go back; take off those things; try and remember that if I was blind, other people are not." His low, furious voice carried farther than he knew, to where, on the turn of the staircase, Lady Gwendolen Brook stood breathless with laughter. Having seen the note delivered which sent her hostess from the drawing-room, it had been a delightful way of passing time to follow her. But she had not anticipated anything so amusing as this.

"Levallion," said Ravenel, "you've no right to speak to me like this!" She threw off her cloak and hat, and in all her white satins faced him paler than he. "Now, if the people you're afraid of do come," she whispered contemptuously, "they won't see anything to amuse them. But listen to me you shall. Even though I don't know what you are suspecting. Read those!" With a gesture that was superb, she stooped for the letter he had dropped, put it and another into his hand, "then go outside and speak to the boy who's waiting to take me to the farmhouse, and then tell me, if you like, what you are thinking about me."

"As you like." He shrugged his shoulders, having in his day written many a letter that meant other things than were in it. But as he read, his face changed. There was nothing in those letters but their face value.

"Ravenel." In the stillness she heard the men rising in the dining-room, heard a quick rustle of silk on the stairs, and moved sharply round a corner so that she was out of sight. But Levallion was quicker. They stood now in the porch of the side door, as much alone as in Sahara, and she saw in the dim light that his hard mouth trembled.

"I have behaved abominably," he said with a humiliation that sat ill on him. "I—I found half a card this morning; and I heard something you said to Adrian the other night. I thought——"

"Here's the rest of it. It was six months ago I was to meet Adrian," she answered simply, for she knew what must have been on the card. "Did you think it was tonight? That I meant to meet another man, and steal out of your house to do it?"

"I feel like *Othello*, whom I always considered an egregious ass!" said Levallion slowly. "You see, it was just what I should have done, in Gordon's shoes." He slipped card and letter into his pocket.

To Ravenel's own surprise, the tears came to her eyes.

"You wouldn't," she cried, hotly. "Never! Why do you lie about yourself? You know nothing would make you do a thing like that."

"Nor you, either." She had never heard his voice so slow, so gentle. "I was a fool to doubt you. But I heard—the other night in the conservatory. I thought you cared still; that this—that when I cared at last, fate was having its revenge on me. But I know better now!" Before she could stop him, he stooped and kissed the hem of her gown.

"Don't," she gasped. "I've been wicked. I thought at first when I found out—for I never found out till I saw the ring they cut off his finger—and heard how he got it—that you had known all Sylvia did."

"My poor little child," he said, soberly. And then, wistfully, "You'll be as happy as you can, won't you? I—I try, you know."

"I'm happy, and I'll be happier," she answered bravely. "I—you know I like you, Levallion?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

Work for Odd Moments

Child's Crocheted Hat

MATERIALS required: Two skeins white and one fourth skein colored eightfold Germantown.

With white wool, ch. 6, join.

1st row.—Make 15 s. c. in ring.

2nd row.—Using both loops at top of stitch make * 1 s. c. each in first s. c., widen by making 2 s. c. in 3rd s. c. Repeat from * around row.

This makes 5 sections.

Now, make 11 rows of s. c., always making 2 s. c. in the 2 s. c. of the widening of preceding row.

Your work should now measure about 20 inches around.

For larger sizes make 1 row more each inch larger.

Make 7 rows, making 1 s. c. in each s. c.

Using colored wool, make 1 row.

In the next row widen in every 4th stitch.

Make 1 row without widening. With white wool, next row widen every 6th stitch.

Make 5 rows without widening.

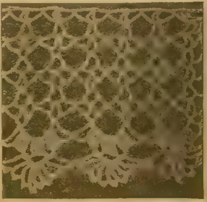
For trimming make pompom.

Mile-a-Minute Lace

(With Shell Edge)

The open-work pattern is very lacy and pretty, and can be most rapidly worked. As it is made lengthwise it can be worked into the edge of children's skirts or any kind of underwear or made up separately, as preferred.

Begin with chain length desired. Into this work * 1 s. c., ch. 5, sk. 3 ch. st., 1 tr. c., ch. 2., 1 tr. c. in same st., ch. 5, sk. 3, repeat from *.



MILE-A-MINUTE LACE WITH SHELL EDGE.

2nd row.—Ch. 5, 1 tr. c. under ch. between 2 tr. c. in last row, ch. 3, 1 tr. c. under same ch., ch. 5, 2 tr. c. between next 2 tr. c., repeat.

3rd row.—Same as the 1st row. 4th row same as the 2nd row. These two rows can be repeated alternately to make a lace of any width, then finish with shell edge as follows:

Shell Edge

After completing row like the first as shown in illustration make 1 row of chains 12 sts. with 1 s. c. under each ch. between the two trebles.

2rd row.—* 1 s. c. under a chain 12, ch. 3, 4 d. tr. (thread over hook 3 times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, making 5 loops on hook, thread over and work off by twos) under next ch. 12, ch. 3, 4 d. tr. c. under same ch., ch. 3, 4 d. tr. c. under same ch., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under next ch. 12, repreat from *.

3rd row.—Ch. 10, 3 s. c. between first and second groups of double trebles, ch. 5, 3 s. c. between second and third groups of double trebles. Repeat.

Last row. 1 s. c. under ch. 10, ch. 3, catch into 2nd st. to form picot, ch. 1, 1 d. tr. c. under ch. 5, * ch. 3, picot, ch. 1, 1 d. tr. c. Repeat from * 5 times, making 7 d. tr. c. in all, ch. 3, picot, ch. 1, 1 s. c. under ch. 10.

Spider Web Insertion

Ch. 30 stitches.

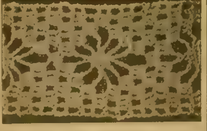
1st row.—1 d. c. in 7th st. from hook, ch. 2, sk. 2, 3 d. c. in next 3 sts., ch. 2, sk. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 5, sk. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, sk. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, sk, 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in last st., ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on 2nd d. c. in last row, 1 d. c. in sp., 1 d. c. on next d. c., ch. 2, sk. 1. d. c., 1 d. c. on next d. c., 1 d. c. in sp., 1 d. c. on next d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., under ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 d. c. on third d. c., 1 d. c. in sp., 1 d. c. on next d. c., ch. 2, sk. 1 d. c., 1 d. c. on next, 1 d. c. in sp., 1 d. c. on next d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c. worked as in last row, ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch 3, 1 s. c. on s. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 3, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 3, 3 s. c. on 3. s. c., 1 s. c. under ch 3, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

5th row.—1 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 3 s. c. on 5 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.



SPIDER WEB INSERTION.

6th row.—3 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5.

7th row.—1 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1. d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5.

8th row.—3 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 3. d. c., ch. 2, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

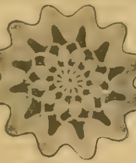
9th row.—Same as the 2nd row. Repeat pattern from here.

Rickrack Braid Wheels

Crochet and braid wheels such as illustrated enable one who has not much spare time for fancy work to secure most attractive effects in a comparatively short time.

Wheels or motifs such as these can be used in sofa pillows, for edging doilies, pillow slips or scarfs, to form yokes, the crown of a morning cap, for bags and in numerous other ways.

The crochet cotton and hook needed will depend upon the braid selected, which comes in a variety of widths.



RICKRACK WHEEL NO. 1.

For braid measuring about an inch from point to point, No. 10 crochet cotton and No. 8 crochet hook can be used. For wheel No. 1, begin to form center of wheel by making ch. 5, join in ring.

1st row.—Ch. 4, * 1 d. c. in ring, ch. 1. Repeat from * until there are 11 d. c., ch. 1, join in third st. ch.

2nd row.—Ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, repeat in each space around row, making 12 spaces in all.

3rd row.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. in first sp., ch. 2, 1 s. c. in point of braid, * ch. 2, thread over, draw up a loop in same sp., thread over, draw through 2 loops, over, draw up loop in same sp., over, draw through 2, over, draw up loop in next sp., draw thread through 2, over, draw up loop in same place, draw thread through 2 three times, draw through last 2, ch. 2, 1 s. c. in next point of braid. Repeat from * until you have joined 12 points of braid; join neatly.

Sew wheels together as shown and finish sides of scarf by stitching a piece of braid under the edge.

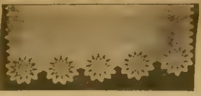
No. 2 illustrates another pattern made by employing a narrower braid, which may be put to the same uses.

Begin with ch. 6, join in ring, ch. 7.

1st row.—11 tr. c. with ch. 2 between each, in the ring.

2nd row.—2 s. c. under each ch. 2, draw loop through point of braid, ch. 1, 2 s. c. and repeat until 12 points have been attached.

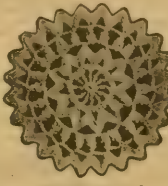
Care should be taken to join the braid neatly.



RICKRACK TRIMMED SCARF.

3rd row.—Fasten thread in point on opposite side of braid and make 1 s. c., ch. 6, 1 s. c. in next point and repeat.

4th row.—Ch. 5, catch point of another row of braid, thread over hook twice, draw up loop, and through 2, thread over twice draw up loop, and through 2, then over and through 3 and over and 2, ch. 4, catch to next point of braid; another group of trebles under the same ch. 6, ch. 4, catch to next point and repeat.



RICKRACK WHEEL NO. 2.

This completes small wheel or a tumbler doily.

For Six-Inch Doily

Repeat same center, join in another row of braid with ch. 5 between points and repeat 3rd and 4th rows.

For Nine-Inch Doily

Make six-inch center repeat the 3 rows as given above but skip every 3rd and 4th point in the braid to keep work flat.

For Twelve-Inch Doily

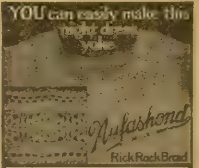
Repeat the additional rows, until desired size and skip point of braid whenever necessary to keep work flat. A centerpiece may be made by surrounding a nine-inch doily with wheels the size illustrated.

In and Around the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

inches at bottom and three inches at top, or center of handle.

An oval bottom, made over pasteboard measures two and one half by seven and one half inches.



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A SOLDIER'S EQUIPMENT.—The U. S. soldier in France carries a rifle which with bayonet affixed weighs exactly eleven pounds. Each soldier is supplied with one hundred cartridges in twenty clips. This ammunition weighs six pounds. The canvas belt with holders of brass weighs a pound and a half. The chilled steel helmet, made to turn a bullet at sixty feet, outweighs the belt by half an ounce. The shovel for trench digging is exactly four ounces heavier than the helmet. A gas mask is part of a soldier's fighting equipment. *He must also carry a first-aid package for use in emergency.* He also has a tent cover, pole, and five pins which if combined with the same articles from another soldier's pack, will make a "dog-tent" suitable for two but no more.

The total load the soldier carries, besides the clothes he wears, aggregates fifty-five pounds. His comfort kit contains a number of articles, such as meat can, spoon, cup, knife, fork, toothbrush and paste, canteen, rubber pouches, blanket, extra underwear, water and food.

The entire equipment has been figured out very minutely and carefully planned so that the American soldier will have a sufficiency of various articles and yet not be unduly burdened by the weight. Even at that, one can understand why infantrymen in quick action cast aside parts of their packs.

Uncle Sam does not believe in half-way measures. The clothing the soldier wears and the burden he bears cost $156.71.

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CITY of DREAMS

By Maud Mary Brown

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PART II.

IT was after that episode that Cecily entertained a few fugitive misgivings about the position in which she had placed herself. Until then she had crowded the New England part of her nature into the background, drugging it with work and inspiration. What would Noble say to her unwarrantable intrusion into his life, once his normal balance of mind was restored? The prospect of leaving this environment was intolerable, yet on what terms might she remain? Finally she succeeded in thrusting her apprehensions aside. There seemed to be room in her mind only for the glowing present. She was an opportunist, refusing to clutter her mind with forebodings.

Noble's mind functioned sluggishly for many days, and he lay, half dreaming, by the hour, too tired to unravel the mystery which vaguely troubled him.

He knew Cecily, calling her Mignonette always, and her presence in his rooms soothed his restlessness. Hazily he wondered how she came to be there. Once he asked her and she explained that she was taking care of him. Mignonette a nurse? He did not remember that—not that it really mattered.

Once or twice the doctor referred to her as his wife. He did not protest, but, alone, he tried to focus his mind. Had he, then, married Mignonette? He could not remember, but he knew that sometimes in the past, when he had not been quite responsible, he had done odd things which he could not afterwards recall. He would ask her some time when his head did not ache.

June came and with it the heat became oppressive. Noble was up now and alone for many hours of the day, for Cecily had resumed her studies. So soon as he could travel comfortably, he was going up to the Catskills. Some of his friends, notably Leah Belloc, had cottages at Sunset Park.

But first he must find out about Mignonette. He had been curiously reluctant to ask her, but now that he was quite strong there was no excuse for delay.

She came in while he was still thinking of her, looking fresh and sweet and old-fashioned in her simple black frock.

"Mignonette," he began brusquely, "did I marry you?"

A wave of white settled over her face. It had come. "Why, no," she replied.

"But Doctor Birch spoke of you as my wife."

"I never told him that," she faltered.

"And my friends—most of them left town before they could see me—did they think that you were my wife?"

"Certainly not."

"Or—Leah Belloc?"

"I explained my presence to no one, I tell you. They would not have understood. You were taken ill at my side. You asked me to get you home, which I did."

Her storm-cloud eyes encircled the room. "There was something big in me striving to get out but it could not in the atmosphere in which I lived. I needed this. You needed me. So I stayed and nursed you in payment for the roof which sheltered me. I bought my own food. I was in no sense a burden. Wasn't that fair?"

"It was fair to neither of us," replied Noble, gravely. "For one thing, you have damned yourself. No girl can do so unconventional a thing and get away with it. If she has an ambition and I take it you have—I have been prowling among those canvases—and if she desires a decent position in her profession, she's got to lead a decent life."

"You dare to say——"

"I mean only that you have put yourself in a damnably false position. And that isn't all; you have placed me under an eternal obligation to you."

"If I have done that, unwittingly, you are absolved."

He walked over to the mantel and rested an arm heavily upon it. He was very tired.

"You can't settle things so easily, Mignonette. You can't blot out an obligation by calling it blotted out. I have been no saint, God knows, but I never yet let a girl ruin her life for me."

"But I did not do it for you. What I did I did selfishly. I'll leave now. No one knows—need ever to know."

He laughed bitterly. "No one, Mignonette? The doctor knows; the janitor knows; very likely the postman knows. And my friends....I can imagine that what they are pleased to call our *liaison* has been studio gossip for a month. You could not mount to any pinnacle that would be out of reach of this episode. There's only one way to set things right. We are going to be married, Mignonette."

"No!" she sobbed, cowering away from him.

"Straighten your hat; we are going for the license now. I'll get out afterwards and leave you to your career."

"No!" she repeated.

His nerves were raw with his weakness and he saw [illegible]

"You'll come with me quietly and at once, or so help me God, I'll make you beg me on your knees to marry you!"

She shrank—but she went. Mechanically she replied to the questions put to her at City Hall. In dazed silence she drove with Noble to a deep-naved church and after he had found the clergyman, they were married, with the sexton and a servant from the rectory for witnesses.

Turning to speak to Cecily after the ceremony, Noble surprised a flaming radiance in her face, but, meeting his glance, the light vanished, leaving it as expressionless as a stained glass window from behind which the light had been suddenly extinguished.

They re-entered the cab and turned south, and Noble, after a brief glance at Cecily's home-made frock, said:

"Shall we have an *al fresco* dinner in the studio, Mignonette?"

"I do not wish any dinner."

However leaving her at the studio, Noble went out to the shops, and returning a little later with his purchases, he looked about for his wife.

Finally he went up and tapped on her door.

"Will you come down and help me get supper?" he asked.

"Please go away," was the only response.

Noble laughed harshly. "That, if I am not mistaken, is the third time you've requested me to go away. I'm afraid it's becoming a habit. Nevertheless, this time I obey."

She listened to the sounds from the room across the balcony; finally she heard him go down the stairs and the studio door close with a clatter. She did not see him again for many weeks.

During that summer, Cecily worked with a passionate aim. She did a magazine cover, and, half-abashed at her audacity, she sent it to a popular periodical. It was accepted and paid for liberally. It attracted a measure of attention and she received orders for others. By fall, the Alden covers were beginning to have a little vogue.

Living in Noble's quarters was the only thing which troubled her during those hot months, but she convinced herself that she was doing no harm to any one by staying. When the time came for his return from Sunset Park, she would vacate. In the meantime, she returned promptly the generous checks which he sent monthly.

But Noble came down unexpectedly in October. After a formal greeting, Cecily went up to her room, and presently, Noble, divining her purpose, followed her.

"Leaving, Mignonette?"

"Yes."

"Mignonette, I wish you wouldn't. All my friends know that you are my wife. You are safe here—you understand that, don't you? Just to show that you forgive me for being brutal that day—our wedding day—stay, and go about your work as usual."

Her hands involuntarily paused above her open trunk.

He pressed his advantage. "It will make me rather ridiculous if you leave me cold. The crowd thinks you stayed in town this summer because of your greed for work. They've all seen and admired your covers. They are corking. I am proud, Mignonette."

"You would permit me to pay my share?"

"Only if you will remain on no other terms."

She rose and looked him full in the face. "I'll stay," she said, "and thank you."

At Noble's suggestion they dined together in the studio, but over the tiny table there was no mirth. She enquired gravely about his health; as gravely as he enquired about her work. Nothing more.

Autumn and early winter passed rapidly to Cecily, for she was amazingly busy. To Noble, the time moved more sluggishly. Idleness, with Cecily's industry as an example, was beginning to irk him, yet he felt no impulse to work on the elusive plot of his play. In his dangerous mood of unrest, he spent long hours with Leah Belloc.

One day in January, Cecily returned home early and retired behind a big screen, intending to work on one of her covers, but presently, feeling drowsy, she cuddled up in a big chair and slept.

The sound of voices finally roused her. Above the crackle of the fire, she recognized them instantly. The man was a dramatic critic, one of the sincere workers among Noble's friends and the only one who had ever regarded Cecily with friendly eyes. The woman was a blowsy writer of *vers libre*.

"I am so very sorry for Ranny," came the arresting words.

"For Ranny?" the man queried. "And why, pray? How about Mrs. Ranny?"

"Ah! And do you think she is deserving of sympathy when she took advantage of his chivalry? We all know that that must have been the way she got him to marry her. And she is so crude."

"I should never think of calling her crude. She will go far, my friend."

"But men like Ranny want their genius decorative. And she is a frump, Jim. Have you noticed how ornamental Leah is becoming?"

The man replied with a significant sound of disgust and they rose to move on. Cecily, alone, emerged from her retreat and warmed her chilled hands thoughtfully.

"You're not going to Miss Belloc's studio party tonight?" Noble said to his wife a few days later.

"I believe I will."

Noble's flush did not escape her. "Have you anything to wear, Mignonette? Mayn't I—after all, you're my wife."

"Thank you, no."

Cecily's cloak revealed nothing as she descended the stairs that night and once in Leah's studio, Noble waited apprehensively for her appearance.

When she finally appeared, her husband did not, at first glance, recognize her. With her hair massed high, the graceful slender lines of her throat and the proud carriage of her head were revealed, making every other woman present, even Leah Belloc, gorgeous in a wonderful green frock, look plebian.

She wore a gown of Chinese blue, cunningly wrought with silver, and to the last detail she was an object of perfection.

Men who had hitherto overlooked her, found reasons for hovering about her. Only Noble hung back. Blinded by this new and disquieting radiance, he turned to Leah Belloc for comfort, but she, nonplussed and furious, for the first time withheld it.

As they drove home that night, Cecily's reflections were bitter. Her sincerity had made no impression on these people, but her ornamental body had. It was wrong—everything was wrong. And yet—the darting thought sent a flush to her cheek—to magnetize men was a fascinating game.

Upon reaching home, Noble, made amorous by the wine he had consumed—and paid for—attempted to draw Cecily into his arms, but she repulsed him angrily.

"What's the matter with you? You're my wife, aren't you?" he demanded, sulkily.

"It was all wrong."

"What are you talking about? What do you want?"

"I want to be left to my work," she replied passionately; "to be spared the ineptitude of those *dilettantes*."

"Oh, come, Mignonette, we work down here."

"Work! You have no conception of work. You are soft, undisciplined, self-indulged."

He did not suspect that she was fighting the lethal lure of her success.

"Your men have no moral fiber, your women stop just short of being depraved. Or do they? You play with serious things and name it life."

Noble watched her flaming face curiously, sobered by her scorn. Then he turned and walked out of the studio and Cecily did not see him again till the next day was nearly spent.

She went up to her room, her mind made up. Noble had frightened her into marrying him. That he had done it in an exalted mood of chivalry, she admitted. She should not have permitted his sacrifice, no matter what the risk to her soul and her body had been. He was tied to her irrevokably. But was he? If she should leave the studio, might he not seek legal freedom?

She came back from de Lille's studio the next afternoon meaning to make herself a cup of tea before beginning her search for rooms. She found Noble at home, his face singularly white.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"Read that," he replied, tossing her a letter.

It was from his father, and at last his indulgent heart had hardened. Through some channel he had heard of what he called his son's disgraceful marriage—Noble had never told him—and he was done—through with him until he had come to a sense of a man's responsibility.

No more money would be forthcoming. Let him get at his play and earn it. There was a fine irony in that. But merely to show him that he was willing to give him his chance, he would give him the use of his up-state farm for a year. It was well equipped but faultily managed. Let him see what he could do at a man's job. Or he could go on his own. In either case, it was plain that the discouraged man expected failure.

Cecily read the letter twice. "Hellish, isn't it?" Noble said when she laid it down. "However, he's a good old scout; all he needs is management. I am going up——"

"No!" Cecily broke in sharply.

He flushed a little under her steady gaze. "You're right," he said at last, his jaw squaring. "When do we start?"

"Start where, Mignonette?"

"For the farm, of course. You won't overlook this challenge?"

"No. But you must not go—must not relinquish your career."

"I climbed the little way I have gone on your ladder. I haven't been fair to you from the first. But I think I can help you up there. I am accustomed to the country, you know."

Without giving Noble a pause for withdrawal from the first fixed purpose of his life, Cecily took care of the details of their removal, and he, vacillating and depressed, felt a vague comfort in her comradeship.

There was promise of spring in the air when they reached the country. On southern slopes the ground already showed bare, the branches in the gentle wind gossiped of buds, rivulets ran in the ruts of the heavy roads.

The farm had been the Noble's summer home before Mrs. Noble's death, and it was modern and comfortable, and under Cecily's busy hands it took on the atmosphere of home. She loved the quiet after her untiring work and, for the first time in many months, she sang at her tasks.

Noble speedily set about to overcome his ignorance of farming. Nightly he had the foreman in the room that Cecily had set apart for his office, and after the man had gone, he sat up until the early hours of the morning, poring over the agricultural books and journals which Cecily had thought to provide.

Fortunately his men liked him, but he tolerated no shirking. Some of the traits which had made his father a power came to the front. When the spring drive began, he worked at anything that needed doing, coming in for his meals, famished.

"Work is the most potent cocktail of them all," he said to Cecily one day as he cut through one of her creamy omelettes.

She smiled at him warmly.

"Mignonette," he began gravely, "you're being an awfully good sport. I think I shouldn't have found myself but for you. But making a man of me is slim compensation for you. You're sure you don't want to go back?"

"Ranny," she replied—it was the first time she had ever used the familiar name—"I am amazingly contented. I needed this pause. I was too close to my work. Please believe me."

They grew to be very friendly during those days—nothing more. For Leah Belloc, left raging in the city, Noble scarcely spared a thought. She belonged to an outgrown phase of his life.

He fashioned a studio for Cecily out of a shed; she cooked and mended for him. They set the hens and put in the garden together and life to them looked kind.

But there were other days—days of muscle-wracking, unaccustomed labor. And Noble did not flinch. Cecily saw that she had not known this man. From the first she had watched him with a detached curiosity, expecting to see his nerves cry out at the monotony, expecting to see him quiver at the insect noises which alone disturbed the brooding silence of the evenings. She saw a new purpose dawning in his face, a new light in his eyes, and she was a little awed. It was like seeing a miracle take place before her eyes.

Noble had no time for introspection or he might have been surprised at himself. The contemptuous challenge of his father spurred his spirit to a run.

He watched his crops as a father watches the growth of his first son. A new desire for self-expression sent him to his desk on rainy days to work on a new play—one with a fresher, sweeter theme. Evenings, his black pipe lighted, he read it to Cecily, and she, sitting with her sewing where the firelight played on her lovely face, encouraged, suggested, approved.

Summer flew by on golden wings and the time came for the harvesting of the crops. They were more than usually abundant, for under Noble's dynamic energy the work had been carefully done.

Then, at twilight, one hot, sultry day, a storm

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May Comfort—Special Features

"What the American Woman Can Do in War"

Equally as patriotic as the men every loyal American woman is desirous of serving her country in this war and wants to know how and where she can best do so. Dr. Esther Lovejoy, just returned from France, tells what American women can do in war here and "over there." Read it in May COMFORT.

"The Call of His Country"

A thrilling romance of the battle front in France where our soldiers are fighting and our Red Cross nurses care for the wounded.

"The Fireless Cooker"

is a necessary kitchen equipment in these times of enforced economy. This article tells how to make and use it, with recipies for cooking.

"Diet and Complexion"

Dr. Robinson explains how to clear the complexion by improving the health through proper regulation of the diet—a useful health talk.

"Women Warriors"

Tells why the women soldiers of Russia, the Battalion of Death, all carry poison, and tells of other famous women warriors.

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April, 1918.

Crumbs of Comfort

Fear has big eyes.
Eve is not yet dead.
As the labor so the pay.
God is the most patient.
Luck is the idol of the idle.
What is past help is past grief.
A man's task is his life-preserver.
There is no wisdom like frankness.
Faults are thick where love is thin.
Abundance, like want, ruins many.
On holidays the devil goes hunting.
One good head equals many hands.
Spend no money buying repentance.
Nothing that God does is accidental.
Fishes should not be taught to swim.
The overcurious are not the overwise.
The greatest remedy for anger is delay.
The hut of a gypsy has never a cupboard.
Kings can love treason, but not the traitor.
He that throws mud must have dirty hands.
The guilty have quick ears for an accusation.
Argument makes three enemies to one friend.
By jumping at the stars one can fall in the dust.
What money has purchased money can destroy.
We may give advice but we cannot give conduct.
Knowledge is the knowing that we cannot know.
Hope is as cheap as despair, and as easily purchased.
As fast as laws are made their evasion can be planned.
Fruit cannot be eaten while the tree is still in blossom.

Experience is forever contradicting the plans and theories of men.

One part of wisdom is to be ignorant of things not worthy to be known.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul.

Often the only way for a rich man to be healthy is to live as if he were poor.

The smoke from one's own chimney is better than the fire on another's hearth.

Liberty may be endangered by the abuse of liberty as well as by the abuse of power.

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him and imitate him.

Riches can never give as much satisfaction in their possession as they can give torment in their loss.

In a free country there is much complaint and little suffering; in a despotism much suffering and but little complaint!

To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, or even to found a school; but to so love wisdom as to live, according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, magnanimity and trust.

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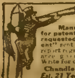

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7613	**July**	**Ruby,** Symbol of Charity
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The MODERN FARMER

The Garden a Necessity Now

IT is the patriotic duty of every family to raise not only the vegetables for their summer use but also an ample supply for the coming winter. This applies as well to city folks as to those who live on farms, provided the city dwellers have a back yard or can rent a vacant lot,—many times can obtain one for the asking.

Owing to the great shortage of food, which is a serious problem, a garden is a necessity. The sooner a definite garden plan is made and the more carefully this plan is studied and worked out the greater will be the returns from the garden.

The plan should be drawn on paper and should show the location of crops, method of planting—by drills or hills—time of planting, distance between rows, distance in rows, and time crop occupies ground. The last named, time crop occupies ground, is very important on account of successive and companion cropping which allows a large yield from a small area.

There are crops, such as beets, tomatoes and parsnips which occupy the same area for the whole season, and others, like sweet corn and celery, that are planted too late for another crop in the same space—and the short season crops—lettuce and radishes, which may be followed by successive planting or later crops. All this must be taken into account when the garden is planned.

THE BEST KIND OF GARDEN SOIL.—The nature of the garden soil has a great deal to do with the quality of the vegetables raised. A fertile, well-drained soil of good texture which will hold moisture will raise a better quality of vegetables than a heavy clay loam.

A good garden soil should be loose and capable of working to a dustlike condition. In sandy soil or lighter sandy loams this condition is found. In clay loam the soil is heavy and easily cements together, forming large lumps. Care should be taken with this kind of heavy soil, and as much stable manure, leaves or grass clippings added as possible. Sand and sifted coal ashes may be used to advantage.

Vegetables to be at their best must make rapid growth, and this is possible only when the soil is fertile. The adding of the manure, leaves and grass clippings not only loosens up a heavy soil but adds to its fertility.

Stable or yard manure is the best fertilizer, but, if not available, dried blood and sulphate of ammonia can be recommended. Nitrate of soda can be used, but care must be taken not to get it too near the plants.

Spade or plow deep for your garden. Deep tillage lets air into the soil which is necessary for root growth and also makes the plant food in the soil more available.

PREPARING GARDEN SOIL.—After a good deep spading or plowing and harrowing, the ground should be raked thoroughly till the top is of a dustlike character. This is very important, as it serves to keep the moisture in the soil that is already there, makes a good seed bed, especially for small seeds, and allows the plant food in the soil to more readily reach the germinating seed.

In planting, a general rule is the larger the seed the deeper it should be planted. Very fine seeds if planted too deeply have not enough vitality in the seed to push the tiny plant up through the soil. The nature of the soil has something to do with the depth of planting. In a sandy soil the seeds can be planted deeper than in a clay soil. A sandy soil does not bake on the top as a clay soil will do after a rain, which makes it hard for the plant to break through. In a sandy soil the moisture is not so near the surface, so a deeper planting is necessary. Small seeds, like lettuce, carrots and parsnips, should be planted from one half to three fourths inches deep; large seeds, like corn, from one to three inches deep, depending on the texture of the soil.

As to thickness of seeding, it depends on whether plants are to be trimmed or not. One advantage in thick seeding is that the seeds break up the surface crust of the ground more readily. Then if there is any doubt as to the fertility of seed, it is better to thin than to replant. In thinning, the stronger plants can better be selected for the permanent growth; also, in such crops as lettuce and radishes the later thinning will supply an early product for the table. The thick seeding applies more to the family garden where the cost of seed is not a big factor, but for commercial planting a better way is to first test seeds before planting, thereby calculating the amount of seed needed, without waste.

Transplanting Seedlings

In setting out plants such as tomatoes, cabbage, peppers, etc., it is a good plan to set boxes or pots in which they are planted out of doors in a sheltered place to become weathered before the plants are set in the garden. If the plants have been grown in the house or in a hothouse, a shady porch is a good place to put them during the warm part of the day. After a few days they may be moved into the sun, but should be carefully watched and kept moist or they may wilt or "cook down" if the sun is too hot. The point is to get them gradually used to the sun and wind before setting them out in the garden.

When they are ready to transplant, wet the soil in the box thoroughly and take as much soil out with the roots as possible. If the garden soil is dry, it is a good plan to fill the hole, in which the plant is to be set, full of water and allow it to soak into the soil. After the plant is set with as little disturbance to the root system as possible, press the soil firmly around the plant, being careful that the roots are in direct contact with the soil. If this is not done, the air will dry out the roots and the plants will die. After the plants are set, rake a thin layer of very fine dry soil around them. This serves as a blanket and gives the moisture a chance to work up to the roots of the plant.

It is a good plan to pinch off some of the leaves of the plants when they are transplanted. This reduces the top to correspond to the root area, as many of the smaller roots are destroyed when the plant is taken from the box. If potted plants are used, all that is necessary is to take dirt, plant and all from the pot, set in a hole in the ground and the plant is not disturbed at all, of course remembering to "weather" all plants before setting them out. If the garden soil is moist, plants may be set in the evening, but if not, it is better to set before or after a rain.

What to Plant in the Garden

The most interesting part of gardening is deciding on the kinds of vegetables to plant. It is a good plan to buy new seeds each year unless you have the time and know how to thoroughly test the seeds you may have left over from the year before. As the cost of seed is so small compared to the labor and returns from the garden, it is by far the wiser plan to be sure you have good seed, thereby saving time and in many cases a complete or partial failure of crop.

If you haven't a garden or seed book put out by a reliable seed firm, by all means send for one. It not only suggests many varieties you may not be familiar with, but it almost always contains valuable information for the amateur gardener. The large seed firm has facilities for testing out new and improved varieties, and it is the wise gardener that profits by this experience. You will be more interested in these new and improved varieties than you will in those you have raised from year to year. Plant breeding has developed wonderfully in the past few years and the large seed, plant and bulb establishments are the first to take advantage of it. An up-to-date seed house is fully abreast of the times, and many valuable suggestions and the best values may be obtained by reading their literature and dealing directly with them. Unless you have confidence in the retail dealer and know he orders new seed each year, it is better to send your seed order directly to a reliable seed firm.

Don't be afraid to try new vegetables and flowers in the garden. It is wise to test out a few each year and find out if they can be raised successfully with your soil and in your climate. This will give a greater variety to the table and make the garden more interesting.

For example— many of us raise celery but how many have tried the Chinese or Celery cabbage? Egg plant is seldom seen in the ordinary garden. Lots of splendid and appetizing vegetables such as cos-lettuce, pimento pepper, broccoli, chicory, celeriac, endive, okra, salsify, sorrel and many others have a place in the complete garden. Then if you have the space, do not forget to plant a few sweet, pot and medicinal herbs. Every garden should contain these, as they are useful in many ways. Look these up in your seed catalogue and provide your own flavoring for soups, perfume for the linen closet, decorations for garnishing and many herbs valuable for medicinal purposes.

Besides seeds, plants and roots such as rhubarb, horseradish and asparagus may be obtained. In fact, a garden book put out by one of our large and reliable seed firms has a complete list of seeds, plants, bulbs and roots of both flowers and vegetables, with not only a description of them but many times valuable suggestions as to how to plant and grow them.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

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Questions and Answers

SMALL FARMING.—We are moving on a small place in the outskirts of the city and wish to buy a good dairy cow, keep a hog, raise chickens and have a small garden. Would you kindly advise me what kind of a cow to buy, where to buy her, and what kind and amount of feed to feed her to obtain best results?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

A Law to Promote Ignorance

Help Us Get this Stupid, Wicked Law Repealed

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Next fill in the date and the name of your congressman. If you don't know his name you can learn it from your postmaster.

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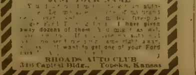

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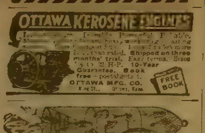

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Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

The Care and Value of Milk

By Mary Harrod Northend

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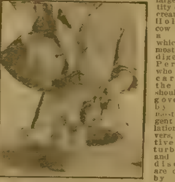
MILK has always held a prominent place as a staple food, it is perfect because it contains all the nutritive constituents required by the body—protein, fat, sugar (as milk sugar), mineral matter and water. The milk from the different breed of cows varies, that of the Jersey and Alderney, give milk, yielding a large quantity of rich cream. The Holstein cow gives a milk which is most easily digested. Persons who take care of the milk should be governed by the most stringent regulations. Fevers, digestive disturbances, and other diseases are caused by dust and dirt which fall [illegible] unprotected pails during milking.



CARE OF JARS.

Cleanliness of the milker is essential to cleanliness of the milk, therefore he should wash and dry his hands carefully before milking. The cows having been previously cleaned, the udder and flanks should be wiped with a waste cloth just before milking.

Milk is often contaminated, after it enters the house by being left uncovered. All milk containers should be rinsed out in cold water, the moment they are emptied of the milk, then washed in warm, soapy water; after this, rinse in boiling water and wipe with a fresh, perfectly clean towel. Milk should be kept in a very cool place. Cream is the fat of the milk which rises to the top, and is one of the most easily digested of fats. Sour cream should never be thrown away as it may be used to advantage in a variety of ways.

Cheese is made of curd and fat of milk. A skim-milk cheese contains less food value than one made from whole milk. Butter is made from the cream of the milk, the United States Government insists the butter supplied to her citizens shall contain no more than sixteen per cent water, and at least eighty-two and five tenths per cent butter fat. There is very little poor butter from the point of view of nutrition sold today. The first and last word in butter making is cleanliness, clean stable, clean cans, clean milkers, clean utensils and a clean place to make it in. Today the large stores are showing many things which can be used to keep the milk so that it may be drawn off from the bottom, without disturbing the cream, strainers held in place by an iron standard, churns of all kinds, butter molds in all sizes and shapes, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Milk soups give an endless variety of nutritious dishes and when combined with vegetables they find especial favor with the farmers' wives, because they are easily procured.

Cream Celery Soup.—Celery leaves and stalks, two and one half cups; water, two and one half cups; flour, one tablespoonful; milk, two and one half cups; pepper and salt, to taste.

Carefully wash the celery and place it in a kettle, covering it with water. Let it boil for one hour, then strain. When poured off have two and one half cups of water, put it in a double boiler and let it come to a boil,—then thicken with flour, add celery stock, also salt and pepper. Sometimes it is wise to add a little celery salt.

Cream Potato Soup.—Take four large potatoes, peel and boil. Have a quart of milk boiling in a double boiler. When the potatoes are hot, mash them thoroughly and add to the milk, also add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, salt and pepper. If this is not as thick as heavy cream, add a little flour dissolved in cold milk. Onion flavor can be used if desired.

Cream Carrot Soup.—Take four large carrots, peel and wash, cutting them into small pieces. Put these in a quart of milk and place on the back of the stove, letting it boil for two or three hours in a double boiler. Then strain, add butter and season to taste with salt and pepper. It is delicious and the cost is small.

SOME CONVENIENT UTENSILS.

[illegible] Soup with Cream.—Tomato juice, [illegible] pint; milk, one quart; soda, one [illegible] a teaspoonful; flour, one tablespoonful dissolved in cold milk; butter, the size of an egg; salt, pepper and paprika.

Let the tomato juice come to a boil, then add soda. Put the milk in a double boiler. When boiling add the tomato, then the thickening, and lastly the seasoning. If one wishes they can serve a spoonful of whipped cream on each plate.

Creamed asparagus and creamed spinach soup, may be made easily after the manner of the celery soup.

Doughnuts.—Sour cream, one cup; soda, one teaspoonful; sugar, one cup; eggs, three; nutmeg, flour.

Beat the eggs and sugar together, adding the soda to the sour milk, then the nutmeg, and flour to make a stiff dough which will roll out without sticking. Cut with a doughnut cutter and fry in deep fat.

Junket.—Milk warmed to a blood temperature and thickened by the addition of rennet is called Junket. This is excellent for invalids as it is easily digested and when served cold is delicious. Rennet is a ferment found in the stomach which acts upon warm milk. Junket tablets are a commercial form of rennet, extracted from calves' stomachs and are very convenient to use. Custards are a milk and egg mixture and are very nutritious. To be delicious they must be cooked at a low temperature and this is best done over hot water.

Orange Custard.—Peel five or six oranges and cut in thin slices, sprinkling over them a cup of sugar. Boil one cup of milk in a double boiler and add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of corn starch, made smooth in cold milk. Stir constantly to prevent lumping. When thick enough pour over the fruit. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff and add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Spread over the custard and brown in the oven.

Peach Cobbler.—Make a paste of one pint of sour cream, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one teaspoonful of soda, a saltspoonful of salt and flour enough to make a dough. Mix as any puff paste,—roll thin and line a deep baking dish that has been well buttered. Fill the dish with slices of either fresh or canned peaches with plenty of sugar sprinkled over them. Cover the top with strips of pastry about half an inch wide, making a lattice over the top. Pour in one and one half pints of water, if the peaches are fresh; if canned, use the juice and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter.

Ice Cream with any Flavoring Desired.—Heat one quart of new milk, one pound of sugar, cool thoroughly and add one quart of heavy cream that has been whipped. Add any desired flavoring. Freeze.

Creamed Lobster.—Stir into one pint of milk one level teaspoonful of flour and one well beaten egg. Cut the meat of one boiled lobster into pieces and add to the milk. Boil, and stir until the sauce thickens. When nearly done season with salt and pepper, butter and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Serve on thin slices of buttered toast.

Boiled chicken, salmon, cod or halibut, are delicious when served in the same way as the lobster.

CLEANLINESS OF CLOTHES AND UTENSILS.

Bananna Pie.—Banannas, four; milk, one quart; eggs, three; flour, three spoonfuls; vanilla, one half teaspoonful; sugar, two thirds of a cup.

Put the milk in a double boiler and add the well beaten eggs, sugar and flour. Beat all together thoroughly and cook until a thick cream. Then add the flavoring and crushed bananas. Cover a deep plate with pie pastry and fill with cream and bake in oven. Dates and prunes can be used in the same way by cooking them and removing the stones.

Filling for Chocolate Custard Pie.—Chocolate or cococa, four tablespoonfuls; sugar, five tablespoonfuls; corn-starch, two tablespoonfuls; eggs, two; milk, two cups; vanilla, one teaspoonful.

Put the milk in a double boiler and add the yolks of the eggs to the sugar, also the corn-starch and chocolate, making it into a paste by adding cold milk. Pour it into the milk, stirring constantly and flavor when cool. Line a deep plate with pie pastry and fill with cream. Beat the whites of eggs stiff and add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and spread on top. Bake in a moderate oven.

A delicious orange cream pie, can be made by the same rule, using the juice of two oranges, and adding three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch in place of the chocolate.

For the child beyond the nursing period (eight months), cow's milk is the staple food,—a strictly milk diet is not advisable, a little orange juice should be given to the child, the first thing in the morning. A well-known writer has said, "Herod was a novice in the slaughter of infants compared with those who provide unclean milk for the helpless little children." To boil milk is to sterilize it and make it free from all germs, although many scientists claim it makes the milk more difficult to digest.

The wise housekeeper will master the art of using all the milk possible in the diet of her family, as it is sufficiently important to warrant a good deal of attention.

Note.—The U. S. Food Administration is emphasizing the value of milk and milk products, and urging a larger and more economical use of milk in various forms and combinations. The people are reminded that much milk now goes to waste and are advised to prevent this waste. Skim milk and even the whey are useful and nourishing, and any part of the milk sweet or sour can be used to advantage in cooking.

We are told that "skim milk is too valuable to be fed to pigs and calves." So it is if the producer can find a market for it. There is a growing demand for buttermilk and sweet skim milk in the cities, supplied mostly through the creameries. The dairy farmer near a city or large town should try to develop a market for his surplus skim milk and buttermilk.—*Editor.*

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

this kind is that the best and most worth-while letters usually cover the subjects on which they are written so thoroughly and completely that comment would be superfluous and these letters invariably, or almost invariably deal with subjects I have already thoroughly thrashed out. So if you want to get into print try not to follow the beaten track but reach out into fresh fields and pastures new. It is the exploring mind that is the worth-while mind. Even a sheep can follow the worn trail and beaten track.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number, you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber, but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for April

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Margaret Watts, Boomer, N. C. Has heart and stomach trouble, also cancer on liver. Great sufferer, poor, needy and worthy. Send her some help. Mrs. Martha Carter, Clinchport, Va. Helpless from rheumatism and threatened with blindness. Alone in the world. Give her a boost. Mrs. Alice Stacey, R. R. 3, Dalton, Ga. Sick, poor and needy. Send her a dime shower. Fred W. Bizzell, Newton Grove, N. C. Helpless from rheumatism for nineteen years. Lovely character. Well recommended. Open your hearts and pocketbooks, and extend to him a helping hand. Mrs. Sarah E. Joyce, R. R. 1, Spencer, [illegible] I. Widow, aged, sick and alone. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. M. J. Kline, R. R. 2, Benton, Pa. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Mrs. [illegible] Thomas, [illegible], Mo. Widow. Only child a boy of [illegible], helpless cripple. She tries her best to support both, and also attend to his physical needs. Very worthy case. Give her a helping hand. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Adams, 2627 St. Paul Street, Bellingham, Wash. Aged, poor, sick and helpless. Well recommended. Send them some cheer. Jeff Collins, [illegible], Ky. Crippled from rheumatism for nine years. Unable to work. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Roxie [illegible], R. R. [illegible], Box 56, [illegible], N. C. Invalid. Would appreciate second hand clothes and cheery letters. Mrs. Lulu R. Penn, R. R. 3, Box 22, Spencer, Va. Widow with four little children (boys), eldest eight years. Would appreciate second-hand clothes for herself and children. Elmer Hagelberg, R. R. 6, Charles City, Iowa. Ten years of age. Shut-in for five years. Would appreciate books, games and a postal shower.

Here is a chance for you to do good, a chance to lay up treasure in heaven, where no bank robber can swipe it. The Christianity that is worth while consists in helping others. If you don't help others you are a mighty fine hypocrite, but you are no Christian. Help me in this work.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems the Best Spring Medicine in The World

There is no spring medicine that compares with Uncle Charlie's Poems. They make the sluggish blood course through the veins like a mill race, for the best tonic in the world is a hearty laugh; and there are a thousand laughs in Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems. You owe it to the children if not to yourself to get [illegible] book, [illegible] the author and his [illegible] and a sketch of his life. Free for a club of only four one year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Yours for an hour's easy work. Don't be left out in the cold but start your clubbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is a Whole Entertainment in Itself!

Uncle Charlie's Song Book supplies a complete musical entertainment for church, parlor or concert [illegible]. Twenty eight songs for any and every occasion, consisting of sacred, coon and novelty songs, with full music for voice and piano. [illegible] splendid photographs [illegible] Uncle Charlie. Five dollars' worth of [illegible] two [illegible] year subscriptions to COMFORT at [illegible] each. These premiums count towards our grand cash prize competitions. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

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Our Offer! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this splendid Knitting Book free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8171.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

DIXIE AND WINDY, Humphrey, Mo.—No girl of fifteen should go with a boy of twenty. What difference does it make about his size? You are far too young to have your head filled with such nonsense. (2) It is most decidedly wrong, unkind and uncivil to go to a show with one boy and then leave him and let another one take you home. (3) If your sister goes with a boy that people say is "half-silly" and she likes him and says that he "acts all right" when with her, perhaps that is because she is then just as silly as he is and cannot tell the difference.

ANXIOUS, Macon, Ga.—The things to order when at a restaurant with a young man are the things you like—and if he is the right sort he will see that you get them. But have some regard for his pocketbook, and try and like dishes that are not too expensive. (2) You should seat yourself at the table first, and make the first suggestion about leaving when the meal is over.

BROWN-EYED GIRL, Round Mt., Ala.—Here are three pages that we can hardly read, all about one boy that will not write or "rite" when he ought to, and another that Brown-Eyed Girl does not care for anyway. She has the blues, cannot eat, and wants to know what to do. And we say just as plainly and quickly as we can: Learn to read and write.

BLACK EYES, Booz, Ala.—It is for you to decide whether you should marry the man with three children or not. If you do not love him, and do love this boy you write about, we think that you would never be really happy or contented if you married the widower. Better try waiting a while and see if time will not help to work out the situation.

BLUE EYES, Chester, Texas.—We are sure, Blue Eyes, that if you are sensible enough to realize, as you write, that a spelling book is more important than boys to a girl of fourteen, that you must also know that you should not go automobile riding with a man twice your age. Neither should you accept any expensive presents from him. There is plenty of time for "sweethearts" later on—as you wisely say. Your letter was intelligent, and—thanks to that spelling book—without errors.

BLACK-EYED STELLA, Beaman, Mo.—It is neither proper nor is it etiquette for two boys and two girls to go buggy riding and the girls to sit on the boys' laps. Some mothers in Beaman had better take a hand at the spanking game.

KITTY AND [illegible], [illegible], Ark.—No kissing before becoming engaged. [illegible] and you [illegible]. The [illegible] unless the walking is bad or she asks for your arm. The gentleman walks on the left or on the side nearest the [illegible] have enjoyed each other's company that is taken for granted. (4) Surely you may go to see her on Wednesday night and on any other night that she and her dad will let you.

ANXIOUS, Flora, Ill.—A young man should know when he should go home, and he ought to find this out by ten o'clock. If not, try some little hint about being tired or sleepy.

BROWN EYES, Batesville, Ark.—A finger bowl is used for dipping the fingers in it after eating and before leaving the table, and drying them on the napkin.

L. L. R., Nodoway, Iowa.—You may certainly accept an invitation to go with your sister and the young man. (2) If you do not care to dance with a man, simply say that you are tired, or that you had rather sit out that dance.

BOY OF ORANGE, Elfland, N. C.—We do not think that you, a boy of twenty, had best commence a custom of sending flowers to a girl of twenty-one who is a primary teacher in your school. Better look for another girl—one perhaps three years younger and who is not writing letters to a sailor lad soon to leave for France. We think it would take more than flowers to get this teacher's heart away from the navy. These are war times, and the days are the days of war brides.

VIOLET AND DAISY, Screven, Ga.—When a young man wants to take you into a drug store for a glass of soda or some ice cream, say "thank you" and walk right in. Just see how easy it is! (2) Tell the young man that you have another engagement for that night. He ought to know what that means. (3) If you really mean "Yes," say it; if not, say "no." Surely you know how to answer a simple question truthfully.

CONSTANT READER, Atlanta, Ga.—There is no objection to using a fork in the left hand—some people are born left handed. It is better to eat pie with a fork in the left hand than it would be to attack it with a knife in the right.

GIRLIE, Boston, Mass.—You are certainly right in asking your husband not to shake hands or speak to a girl who refuses to notice you when you are in his company. Out of loyalty to you, he should accede to your request.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

giving his companion, at, the same time, a keen glance.

"Ah! you were speaking metaphorically, and I am very fond of diamonds, so my mistake was not singular. I believe Miss Prescott has been quite enthusiastically received." Miss Therwin replied, indifferently.

"Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes, well. But—"

"Well?"

"She is not one of your kind, nor—mine," with a scornful smile.

"You still retain one of your former virtues, Miss Therwin."

"And what may that be, pray?"

"Frankness; and yet I do not think I quite understand your meaning regarding Miss Prescott. How is she not one of 'your kind' nor 'mine?' Please describe her to me."

"Miss Prescott is very highly educated, very proud, very reserved, and—never did a wrong thing in her life," answered Miss Therwin, with a sneer.

"Then, according to that very trite axiom, 'only the good are happy,' this beautiful young lady must be in an exceedingly blissful state most of the time. But notwithstanding that according to your opinion, she is so diametrically opposed to me, your description of her character attracts rather than repels me. The positive and negative are always attracted by each other, you know, and I think I must know more of this young beauty."

"Let me know, my lord, from time to time, what success you meet with, will you?" she sneered.

"Do you think I would fail in anything that I willed to do?" he demanded in low, almost fierce tones.

"You could never climb to her level—you could never reach her," she answered; but there was a smoldering fire in her great eyes, as if she had some deep-laid scheme in her mind—as if she were seeking to goad him on.

"We can never climb to the eagle's eyrie, nor expect to reach the heights to which it soars; but there is a way to bring that royal bird down to us, you know."

"It will not avail, and, to return to axioms, of which you appear so fond, stars never move out of their orbit, you know."

"Are you daring me to do this thing, Miss Therwin? Are you goading me on for some purpose of your own?"

Ada's eyes snapped fire at his words.

"You do not appear to be one of Miss Prescott's admirers," he added, noticing it; "and I know you of old."

"On the contrary, I am quite an intimate friend of the young lady."

"Then deliver me from *intimate friends!* And how happy Miss Prescott must be to possess such a friend!" the duke remarked, exposing his white teeth again in his very peculiar smile.

"You appear to be strangely interested in her—what should cause it, my lord?" demanded Miss Therwin, suspiciously.

The thought came to her that perhaps he might know something relating to her secret.

"I confess that I am interested in her; her face, her manner, her voice, all have a strange attraction for me," he answered, seriously, and Ada Therwin regarded him in astonishment.

"If you are in earnest, I wish you might succeed in your designs above all things!" she cried, with excited earnestness.

"How so?" he demanded, in turn surprised.

"It would be a very fine thing for Sibyl to become the Duchess d'Aubigne," she said, eying him keenly.

"Thank you for the suggestion, Miss Therwin; and undoubtedly Miss Prescott would grace almost any coronet. Is young Prescott interested in her, and have you other views for him?"

She started as if something had stung her.

"You see, I have not forgotten, Miss Therwin, some of the campaigns in which you used to figure two years ago," the duke continued, quietly, as he noticed her emotion, and showing his teeth again.

But Miss Therwin recovered her composure immediately, and once more her clear, metallic laugh rang out.

"From this time I shall be a firm believer in that old saying that 'it takes a rogue to catch a rogue.' My lord, I think you and I must have been born under the same planet, since we both display a natural ability for the accomplishment of certain purposes. Suppose we unite our forces henceforth, and work together. I know I can help you, and I think you can assist me."

"Miss Therwin, I acknowledge the wisdom of your remarks, and here is my hand to seal the compact. Now take my arm, and allow me to conduct you to some quiet place, where we can perfect our arrangements without the fear of being interrupted; for I have made up my mind to try my powers of fascination upon Miss Prescott."

The Duke d'Aubigne offered his arm, with a low bow, and then the two slowly and quietly made their way from the room to mature their nefarious plots.

An hour later, Sibyl sought Raymond again.

He had been dancing with Miss Clara Wilton, much to Lady Wilton's delight, and was now standing alone, resting by a huge piece of statuary near the entrance to the grand *salon.*

"How late shall we stay?" she asked, he thought, rather anxiously.

"At least another hour, I think, since I just saw father sit down to a comfortable game of whist. Why, princess, are you tired?"

"No, Ray, not tired; but—I know the Duc d'Aubigne is intending to ask me to dance, and some way I do not like him at all, and——"

"And you wish me to find some means of preventing such an unpleasant occurrence?" Ray said, his heart stirred strangely, yet with a thrill of gladness that she should have come to him in her trouble.

"If you will, Ray, please. I have managed to keep out of his way for the last ten minutes, but, of course, I cannot do so long."

"I will do anything for you, Sibyl, when you ask me in that way. I think some of our partners are [illegible]," he whispered, in a way that brought the color to her cheeks, and made her eyes droop shyly.

"Come with me now, and I'll show you the picture gallery," he added in a louder tone.

Sibyl laid her small hand on his arm, and, turning, they found themselves face to face with the object of their remarks:

"Pardon; but may I have the honor of Miss Prescott's hand for the next?"

The next was a waltz, and Raymond felt the thrill of disgust which ran over Sibyl's frame at this request.

He was about to reply for her, when, with graceful yet dignified reserve, she answered for herself.

"Excuse me, my lord, but I am engaged for the next half hour, after which we retire."

He could take no exception to her manner, for it was perfectly courteous, yet something told him that her pure soul shrank instinctively from him.

With another graceful bow, he turned away, with a smile on his lips, but a curse in his heart.

"Ada was right. 'The dove will not mate with the hawk,'" he muttered, gnawing his mustache, then added, in concentrated tones, "My dark-eyed beauty, you and I will cross lances again, and you shall yield to me, willing or not."

TO BE CONTINUED

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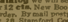

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

CHILDREN, your letters this month move me alternately from smiles to tears, much like the proverbial weather. But as space is limited, I will cut short my greeting and get down to work.

The first letter is from Ruth of Ash, Oregon, who is only thirteen years old, and already the men, both married and single, fall in love with her, and she wants to know how to prevent being so attractive. Well, Miss Helen-Cleopatra, you might have your beautiful hair clipped off (for, of course, it is beautiful), your pearly teeth extracted and your face tattooed in fantastic designs That ought to destroy your fatal beauty to such an extent that you could have a "few minutes' peace." Don't be so silly, and let me tell you something—it is my candid opinion they are laughing at you because you are such a silly child.

TESSIE, Ash, Oregon.—Don't give up hope so easily. We hope the war will soon be over and that there will be enough young men left to go around and a few to spare, and with your accomplishments you should have no difficulty in getting a husband. I really mean that, for not every girl of seventeen years is a good cook and housekeeper. Wait a few years before you get married.

TROUBLED GIRL, Vida, Ala.—If you love him and he loves you, and he can give you a good home, why don't you marry him, if you want to, instead of asking me about it. Don't, though, unless you can love his little girl and be a true mother to her.

HEART OF HEARTS, Holdrege, Neb.—I can't tell you exactly what love is, but you will know when you meet the right man, and don't you think, my dear, you had better wait for him? Really, I don't think you love this man well enough to marry him, but perhaps you will later. Won't he wait a year or two until you are sure, when you convince him that it means his happiness as well?

BETTY JANE, Lafayette, Ohio.—Since your home life is so very unhappy, you would be justified in seeking work elsewhere that would give you more time and energy for evening study, but you must decide that for yourself. Don't blame your mother too much if she is querulous and apparently unsympathetic, for, after all, her life hasn't been happy, has it? Show her that you love her and that she means more to you than anything else, and help her all you can, but you are the one to decide how you can best do that.

HEARTBROKEN, Washington.—Here's another girl, only twelve years old, whose home life is unhappy. All the advice I can give you is "grin and bear it" until you are capable of taking care of yourself, for you are too young to leave home unless you can find a home with good people who will give you an education. Don't let anything take you away from school. Do your share toward keeping the house clean and neat and perhaps your stepmother will do hers

BLEEDING HEART, Coushatta, La.—And to think that I wasted a lot of perfectly good sympathy on you while I was reading the first part of your sad letter [illegible] wealthy parents [illegible] to disinherit their son if he marries you and you love him and don't want to give him up and he loves you and then in the same breath almost you ask me how to attract [illegible] if you part from him. Same way you always have.

BROWN EYES, Watkins, Ore.—I don't think it would be so very wrong for the hired man to come into the kitchen in the evening and talk to the hired girl while she is doing the work, provided it is agreeable to both of them and the mistress of the house doesn't object.

DIAMOND TOES, Custer City, Okla.—No one can call you a piker when it comes to a nom de plume, can they, Diamond Toes? That's about the best one yet. If you had sense enough to quit a man because he drank, why don't you stay quit and not say you "can't get him off your mind." Marry him and you won't be able to either, only it will be much worse then.

JOLLY JINGLES, Hull, Iowa.—It isn't wrong for you to let a fellow wear your ring to "keep him from going with other girls," but it is decidedly foolish. A ball and chain would be more secure, or, better still, you might tether him in your front yard where you could watch him all the time. If he isn't true to you because he wants to be, don't fool yourself into thinking that wearing your ring will make any difference.

DIMPLES, Madera, Calif.—Don't marry your soldier man, whom you don't care for, just to make him happy. It is the surest way to make you both unhappy.

FRANCES AND EVELYN, Moro, Texas.—War is all that Sherman said it was, isn't it, Frances, for it is the cause of a "wealthy French girl" stealing your sweetheart, and you think your heart is broken and want to know how to win him back Silly, you don't want him if he is that sort; but you might write and tell him how glad you were to hear that, for it leaves you free to return the love of a good man who wants to marry you. It was all right, Eveline, to kiss your sweetheart good by when he went away, but why did you enter into it in such a wholesale manner and kiss all the boys who went with him. I don't blame him for being cross. I'm glad I wasn't the last one to be kissed, for just think of all the different germs you must have collected en route.

BROKEN HEARTED, Eureka, Kans.—Why didn't you offer him regular jitney rates when he demanded payment for the automobile rides he had given you. That would have shamed him. You've heard the song, "Keep Away From the Fellow Who Owns An Automobile," and that's my advice to you in this particular case until he humbly apologizes and promises to behave himself in the future

BLUE EYED B., Troy, N. Y.—Even if willing to endanger your own life by marrying a consumptive man, you have no right to bring innocent little children into the world with such a dread taint in their blood, and if you have a real mother heart you won't do it. Why doesn't he try a different climate and perhaps he can be cured if the disease isn't too far advanced. (2) If it isn't too late, the young man might properly take you for a short ride before taking you home from an evening entertainment, but don't go if it is late.

Everybody happy now? Yes! That's good, and I've tried not to scold, even at the foolish letters, because it is April first and you know what that means. My best to you,

COUSIN MARION.

* * *

City of Dreams

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

broke. Their little world went wild with electricity and wind and hail. Terrified, and craving the touch of human hands, Cecily crept close to her husband, and he, unrepulsed, took her into his arms. They stood so, speechless, his cheek against her hair, till the storm passed. Then he went out to join his men

In a few moments he was back. "It's all gone, Mignonette—wheat, corn, oats. What isn't cut by hail is laid flat by the wind. But there isn't much room in my heart for regret so long as I've got you, sweet." His eyes devoured her face hungrily as she lifted her lips for his first kiss.

Early the next morning a limousine crept up the washed-out roads to The Elms and an erect old man emerged. Noble, coming from the stable, tanned, broad of shoulder, steady of eye, met him at the gate

"You've staged your entrance perfectly, sir," he said. "Everything is ruined"

"Ruined!" barked the old man. "Are you God

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Almighty? Did you send that storm? Don't talk to me of ruin, you young fool! Once I saw it in your face, but it isn't there now."

He wrung his son's hand, and because emotion was so near to the surface, they talked of indifferent things.

"Should have been here last night. Storm tied me up in the village. Heard about you down there. Seems you've made things march to a scientific tune on the farm. Gad, you do look fit, Ranny! If only you hadn't——" He interrupted himself with an embarrassed cough.

"Hadn't what, sir?"

"How is—your wife?"

Just then Cecily appeared, sweet with her banded hair and her simple frock. That fleeting radiance that, in the old days, Noble had come to watch for, had settled on her face to stay.

"Mignonette! It's father!"

Unabashed she advanced, hands outstretched. "How splendid! And precisely on time for breakfast. Dear, make him comfortable while I put it on the table."

Mr. Noble's hypnotized eyes followed her till she vanished. "You young scoundrel!" he cried, turning to his son; "why couldn't you have told me you'd married a girl like that? Me, with only a few years left in which to enjoy my daughter. I've a mind to cane you, sir. All this time I have been thinking that you married one of those fly-by-night artists."

Noble placed an admonitory finger on his lips, his eyes twinkling. "Dad," he said, "after you've eaten a few of her biscuits, I'll sneak you out to her studio and show you whether I've married an artist or not."

"You will, will you? You won't!" Mr. Noble's voice rumbled happily. "My daughter, sir, will show me her own studio."

Arm in arm they went in where Cecily awaited them. All three had arrived at the city of dreams.

* * *

OUTRANKED IN THE KITCHEN.—The son of the well-to-do family had recently joined up as a private, and was spending his Christmas leave at home.

Returning from a walk, his mother espied a figure in the kitchen with the housemaid.

"Clarence," she called to her son, "Mary's got some one in the kitchen. She knows perfectly well that I don't allow followers. I wish you'd go and tell the man to leave the house at once."

Clarence duly departed to the kitchen, but returned in about half a minute.

"Sorry, mother, but I can't turn him out."

"Can't turn him out? Why on earth not?"

"He's my sergeant!"—*Saturday Night.*

* * *

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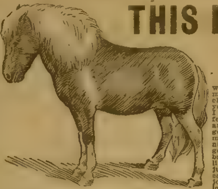

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Here I am—I am wondering what nice little boy or girl will be my master at the close of this club. My name is "Don"; I am 4 years old and about 40 inches high; I am real black with four white feet and some white in my mane and tail. We do not show a very good picture of "Don" but he is a mighty pretty little pony and loves nice Boys and Girls and wants a good home. We gave "Don's" little brother away last month to a nice little girl just 8 years old, and I just wish you could know how easily she won him. Don't fail to join my club—solve the puzzle below and write TODAY.

How Many Words Can You Make?

This puzzle is a sure prize winner—absolutely everyone in this club wins. It is not hard either—just a little ingenuity and skill. The puzzle is to get as many words as possible out of the letters herewith given. Use only the list given, and only as many times as they appear in this ad. For instance, the letter Y appears three times, so in all your words you must not use Y more than three times. If you use Y twice in one word, and once in another, you cannot use Y in any other word as you have already used it as many times as it appears in this advertisement. It is not necessary that you use all the letters. The puzzle looks easy and simple, but if you can make as many as 12 or 15 words, send in your list at once, as the person winning first prize may not have more than that many.

A N O E O Y R S
T F L M I M R A
O O A I N M T O
M O F I A E B L
Y A P B I N O H
G N O S A A O T
T A A C R B O Y
A R M N A N T W

A TOTAL OF 15 GRAND PRIZES
1. $250 Culver Racer Automobile.
2. Shetland Pony "Don" value $100.
3. $50 in Gold.
4. $25 in Gold.
5. 17-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
6. 17-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
7. 15-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
8. 15-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
9. 7-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
10. 7-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
11. 3¼x4¼ Folding Eastman Kodak.
12. 3¼x4¼ Folding Eastman Kodak.
13. 3¼x4¼ Folding Eastman Kodak.
14. Ladies' or Gents' Fine Wrist Watch
15. $5.00 in Gold.

OUR OFFER We are the largest magazine publishers in the West, and are conducting this big "Everybody Wins" word building contest in connection with a big introductory and advertising campaign, whereby we will give away 15 grand prizes as listed in this advertisement, and we want to send you sample copies and full particulars as to how to become a member of this contest club and be a sure winner. We give 100 votes in this contest for each word you make. To the person having the most votes at the close of the club on June 1, 1918, we will give the Culver Racer Automobile first prize, value $250.00; to the second highest we will give the Shetland Pony "Don" second prize value $100.00; to the third highest $50.00 in gold, and so on until we have awarded the 15 grand prizes as listed in this adv

Notice: Every new member this month also receives a beautiful GENUINE GOLD FILLED SIGNET RING GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS FREE AND POSTPAID, JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. Anyone may enter this club, and there was never a better offer made especially to boys and girls. Please bear in mind there is absolutely no chance to lose; POSITIVELY EVERY CLUB MEMBER WINS. If there should be a tie between two or more club members for any of the prizes, each tying club member will receive prize tied for. Get an early start—send in your list TODAY.

BILLY FRENCH, Mgr., 246 Capper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

Former United States Senator Mason

Pioneer in Pure Food & Drugs Legislation, Father of the Rural Free Delivery System

Takes NUXATED IRON

to obtain renewed Strength, Power and Endurance

After the hardest fought political campaign of his life, in which he was elected Congressman from the State of Illinois. The results he obtained from taking Nuxated Iron were so surprising that

Senator Mason Now Says

Nuxated Iron Should Be Made Known to Every Nervous, Run-down, Anaemic Man, Woman and Child

Opinions of Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author; Dr. James Francis Sullivan, Formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.) New York and the Westchester County Hospital; Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr of the City of Chicago and others.

WHAT SENATOR MASON SAYS:

"I have often said I would never recommend medicine of any kind. I believe that the doctor's place. However, after the hardest political campaign of my life, without a chance for a vacation, I had been starting to court every morning with that horrible tired feeling which cannot be described. I was advised to try Nuxated Iron. As a pioneer in the pure food and drug legislation, I was at first loath to try an advertised remedy, but after advising with one of my medical friends I gave it a test. The results have been so beneficial in my own case I made up my mind to let my friends know about it, and you are at liberty to publish this statement if you so desire. *I am now sixty-five years of age, and I feel that a remedy which will build up the strength and increase the power and endurance of one of my age should be known to every nervous, run-down anemic man, woman and child.*"

Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron was shown to several physicians who were requested to give their opinions thereon.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, said: "Senator Mason is to be commended on handing out this statement on Nuxated Iron for public print. There are thousands of men and women who need a strength and blood builder but do not know what to take. In my own opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for enriching the blood and helping to increase the strength and endurance of men and women who burn up too rapidly their nervous energy in the strenuous strain of the great business competition of the day."

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, said: "I heartily endorse Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron. There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby; the muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice; white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "Senator Mason is right. As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is one of the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that there are thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us.

"It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat your food merely passes through you without doing you good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next, take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again, and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while increase their strength and endurance in two weeks' time while taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without getting benefit from anything. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance which comes from having plenty of iron in the blood, while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of Chicago, says it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician. While former Health Commissioner Kerr is not himself a physician, still his experience in handling public health problems must give his opinion more than ordinary weight.

Dr. Schuyler C. Jacques, Visiting Surgeon St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, says: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

From the Congressional Directory, published by the United States Government—"William E. Mason, Senator from Illinois, was elected to the 50th Congress in 1887, to the 51st Congress in 1891—defeated for the 52nd Congress, 1892—elected Senator to the 55th Congress, 1897 to 1903."

Senator Mason is now Congressman from the State of Illinois.

Senator Mason's championship of Pure Food and Drugs legislation, his fight for the rural free delivery system, and his strong advocacy of all bills favoring labor and the rights of the masses as against trusts and combines, made him a national figure at Washington and endeared him to the hearts of the working man and the great masses of people throughout the United States. Senator Mason has the distinction of being one of the really big men of the nation. His strong endorsement of Nuxated Iron must convince any intelligent thinking reader that it must be a preparation of great merit and one which the Senator feels is bound to be of great value to the masses of people everywhere, otherwise he could not afford to lend his name to it, especially after his strong advocacy of pure food and drugs legislation.

Since Nuxated Iron has attained such an enormous sale—over three million people using it annually—other iron preparations are often recommended as a substitute for it. The reader should remember that there is a vast difference between ordinary metallic iron and the organic iron contained in Nuxated Iron, therefore, always insist on having Nuxated Iron as recommended by Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), and the Westchester County Hospital; Dr Schuyler C. Jacques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York; and other physicians. In this connection Dr. James Francis Sullivan says: "Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable Nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle, tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron.

MILES OUT OF YOUR OLD TIRES

Stop throwing away your money!

Save your old tires, for they mean dollars and cents to you. It makes no difference whether they are sand blistered, punctured, rim cut or blown out McDaniel will put them back on the job.

Simply send your old tires prepaid to the address below, with your name and address attached. When the tires are received at the McDaniel plant they are carefully examined by experts and all necessary repairs are made. The better casing is then slipped over the other one, then the bead is cut from the outer tire and both are firmly locked together by the SPECIAL McDANIEL DOUBLE TREAD PROCESS. Your old tires are now made into one good tire ready to give you thousands of miles extra service.

Size	[illegible] Casings	[illegible] Casings	[illegible] Casings	Special [illegible] Tubes
[illegible]	$3.25	$5.00	$6.75	$1.90
[illegible]	4.00	[illegible]	7.25	2.40
[illegible]	4.25	7.25	9.00	2.55
[illegible]	4.50	7.75	9.50	3.10
[illegible]	4.75	8.00	10.00	3.20
[illegible]	5.25	8.25	10.25	3.30
[illegible]	5.50	8.50	10.50	3.40
[illegible]	5.75	8.75	11.00	3.50
[illegible]	5.75	9.00	11.50	4.10
[illegible]	5.75	9.25	12.00	4.25
[illegible]	6.00	9.50	12.50	4.35
[illegible]	6.25	10.50	13.50	5.00
[illegible]	6.50	[illegible]	15.00	5.40

DO IT NOW—[illegible]

Leo McDaniel Rubber Co.
944 Commercial Ave., CAIRO, ILL.

$5.00 Down

$5.00 Per Month

PAYS FOR THIS

New Arrow Bicycle

And remember, no raise in prices. You can still buy the New Arrow Bicycle at the old rock bottom, before the war prices. The finest—the easiest bicycle on the road is offered to you on liberal terms of $5.00 down and small monthly payments thereafter—as low as $5.00 per month. The latest motor bike model with coaster brake, Fisk Thorn Proof Tires and newest features.

Write for Free Booklet Send your name and address today for free booklet that tells all about the New Arrow and our liberal offer. This offer is open to everybody including boys and girls under 21 years of age providing order is signed by parents or guardian.

Arrow Cycle Co., 19th St. and California Ave., Dept. 3044, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS: $40 A WEEK

New Water-Proof Apron

Made of vulcanized rubber sheeting. Color, dainty light blue with white check. Guaranteed. 5 sizes and styles. For housewives, children, men and women in factories, laundries, restaurants, butchers, shop men etc. Saves clothes and proof, grease-proof. Won't crack or peel off.

Make $2000 a Year

Work spare time or full time. This new apron sells like wildfire. Easy to demonstrate. A prospect in every home. Often sell 5 to one family. [illegible] sold $26.25 in 14 hours. Haas sold $41.55 in 3 days. Any man or woman, young or old, can make big money. Write for terms and samples today. THOMAS APRON CO.
5930 Gay St. Dayton, Ohio

NEW VAMPING CARD

NO TEACHER NEEDED. SURPRISINGLY SIMPLE SYSTEM

[illegible] only 15 cts postpaid

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 8, 54 W. Lake St., CHICAGO.

AUTOMATIC REPEATING RIFLE

FIRES 20 SHOTS IN ONE LOADING!

[illegible] Simply load [illegible] 20 B. B. Shot, then press the trigger. Nothing to explode—absolutely harmless and safe. Remember, it is not a mere toy, but the same size and shape as a REGULAR AUTOMATIC. Sent complete with a round of shot for ONLY 25 cents, postpaid.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 8, 54 W. Lake St. CHICAGO

Mysterious Ghost

This is not a pretty object, [illegible] only 10 cents each, or three [illegible] for 30 cents, postpaid.

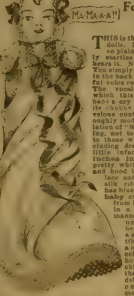
Boy's Slingshot

A good Catapult is the delight of most boys. With it you can hunt rats, birds and small game, and with a [illegible] You need never be bothered with dogs if you have one. The catapult illustrated has a [illegible] metal handle, with extra powerful rubber straps. Price Only 12c each, or two for 20c, postpaid. JOHNSON SMITH & CO., CHICAGO

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 8, 54 W Lake St., CHICAGO

Crying Infant Doll

Premium No. 7284



For A Club Of Four

THIS is the latest in crying dolls. It cries "Mama" so plainly that it actually startles everyone who hears it. No strings to pull. You simply press it gently in the back and the wonderful voice responds instantly. The vocal mechanism by which this doll imitates a baby's cry completely fills its chubby body. The marvelous contrivance is thoroughly made and its articulation of "Mama" is surprising, not to say bewildering to those who hear it. Including dress and all this little infant measures 14 inches in length. The pretty white infant's dress and hood is trimmed with lace and handsome blue silk ribbon bows. She has blue eyes and a cute baby curl peeps out from beneath the hood in a truly life-like manner. This doll is unbreakable, the head being made of a special indestructible composition of a natural fleshlike color. No matter how many dolls the children now have, they will surely be delighted with this one and every mother who reads this offer should take advantage of it at once. We will send you this new infant doll exactly as described upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each we will send you this crying infant doll free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7284.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Anxious Enquirer, Union Chapel, Ind.—It would be impossible for us to tell you what wages a woman could earn working in a munition plant. It would depend entirely upon what sort of labor she performed, and how many hours per day she worked. We believe that a great many of the reports regarding the extravagant salaries paid in munition factories are exaggerated and untrue. Write to the Employment Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Chicago, and also send a letter to the Indianapolis Y. W. C. A. You will hear from the bureaus of these organizations what possibility there is of your securing such a position as you have in mind.

J. M. G., Highland Springs, Va.—There would be no value to your gold piece other than its face value. We cannot tell about your other coins, as you gave no description of them except the date—1832. Write to the American Numismatic Society, 156 Street and Broadway, New York City, and send them a complete description of the coins, accompanied by a rubbing of them made with paper and pencil. Write coin advertisers in COMFORT for prices of your coins.

A. F. P., Berlin, Wis.—The words *"Tendrement nos coeurs sont unis,"* would be translated: "Tenderly our hearts are united." The phrase is from the French.

E. C. J., Brattleboro, Vt.—We cannot tell you if "Opportunity," the periodical you mention and whose address is listed as 15 S. Market St., Chicago., has suspended publication. If you will send your inquiry to "The Editor," Ridgewood, N. J., that magazine, we believe, could give you the correct answer. Enclose a stamped envelope for reply.

Miss B. B., Robards, Ky.—This department knows of no price offered by the government for sewing to be done at home. We believe that you are misinformed concerning this matter. Any sewing that Uncle Sam wants done is placed by contracts let according to authorized bids.

Mrs. W. H. C., Sebree, Ky.—See answer to Miss B. B., Robards, Ky., in this column.

A. S., Edgemont Station, Ill.—Write to the laboratory of your State University, whose address is Urb., Champaign, Ill., regarding the sample of rock you wish analyzed.

S. W., Turin, Ky.—Advertise your home-made patchwork quilts in the columns of some city newspaper. Nothing can be sold without letting people know what you have for sale. Many city dwellers would be very glad to own quilts such as you can probably make.

R. L., Rose Hill, Va.—"The South American" is a most splendidly edited periodical dealing entirely with our sister republics. You can procure a sample copy from the publishers, whose address is 165 Broadway, New York City. From the columns of this magazine you can secure all the answers to the questions you ask regarding countries of South America. The "Pan-American Commercial Guide," published also from the same address as above and sold for one dollar, would be of great value in furnishing you with the sort of information you desire.

Mrs. J. J., Lake Clear, N. Y.—Unless your song-poem is of unusual quality, you will have to pay rather well to have it set to music and published. Write to Witmark & Sons, 446 West 37th St., New York City.

Sallie, Wagner, S. D.—There is a law prohibiting the marriage of first cousins in South Dakota. This would not apply to second cousins.

P. K. M., Clay City, Ky.—A good remedy for an ingrown toe-nail is to cut a large and deep V-shaped piece out of the top of the nail,—the principle being that as the nail grows together it will have a tendency to pull away from the sides. Try this, and keep cotton under and around the nail, and wear shoes that do not aggravate your trouble.

Mrs. C. R., Goshen, Ind.—E. P. Dutton, 681 Fifth Ave., New York City, are a well-known firm who publish children's books.

Miss X. Y. Z., Hershey, Pa.—In your state, a girl may not marry until she is twenty-one unless she have her parents' consent, and your father will certainly have legal "control" over you after you are eighteen.

Miss Alice Hoepfner, Sedan, Okla., is desirous of obtaining a book called "Fact of Christ," by Carnegie Simpson. Perhaps some COMFORT reader can help her. This department cannot.

R. F., Flint, Mich.—We would not recommend the adding of an ounce of camphor to each five gallons of gasoline for use in the engine of an automobile. Write regarding this to "Motor Age," 910 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

D. H. H., Miami, Okla.—If there is a large estate in England to which you are one of the heirs, you should put your claim at once in the hands of a trustworthy lawyer.

R. P. K., Wallback, W. Va.—The Red Cross has uniform regulations to governs the enrollment of its nurses. To be eligible, an applicant must have had at least a two-years' course of training in a general hospital which includes the care of men and has a daily average of fifty patients or more during the applicant's training. You could find several hospitals of this size in any of the larger cities. Health, strength and a good education are prerequisites to taking up the profession of nursing.

A Reader, Amherst, Wis.—There are many preparations you could purchase to tint your walls, if you do not wish to use either paper or paint. Inquire at some modern drug or paint store regarding these.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

For sole answer he held her hand hard. Hope waked in him, somehow, loyalty and liking were a good half the battle.

"We must go back," he said. "You forgive me? I was brutal, but it cut, you know," simply.

Of her own accord Lady Levallion leaned forward and kissed his cheek; afterward she was glad.

"What does this thing mean?" he asked, with a look at one of the letters. "She says she isn't dying, but that she thought to say so might hurry you. What is it that you must know to-night, or it will be too late?"

"It can't be anything! All she can tell me is dead and gone," said Ravenel, with shame. "Oh, Levallion! I hate your knowing how wicked I was, to worry you—and all that."

"Hush, hush!" almost roughly. "Don't talk like that. Look here, I'll tell you what we'll do! We'll go over to the farm when the others have gone to bed. The hour won't matter if they're sitting up with her. I'll tell the boy, go, go now."

There was a kind of awkward hush when Lord and Lady Levallion entered the drawing-room. The duchess had gone away that day, and her absence had loosened Lady Gwendolen's tongue. Lord Chayter rushed into the breach.

"Where's that stuff you were talking of the other day?" he asked Levallion. "You said it cured headaches, and I've a most infernal one."

"I said it enlivened the soul, if you had one," dryly. "It isn't a medicine. It's a liqueur, Eau de Vie Magique. But I think I drank it all. I don't know where it is."

"In your dressing-room," said Ravenel promptly. "I'll get it." There was something in the women's faces that troubled her, something covert in their eyes that she was glad to escape from.

Mr. Jacobs arose hastily from a secluded corner and followed her out; and as he lumbered affably beside her she never dreamed that her life hung on whether he came with her or not.

Five minutes later she was back; panting, white, with startled eyes, a squat bottle in her hand.

"Have you seen a ghost?" said Levallion, from where he stood by the liqueur-stand.

"No!" she gasped—and she looked as if she had seen murder!

"Jacobs frightened me—dreadfully! He—I think there must have been a cat." As she held the bottle out to him it shook in her hand.

"It's a dead cat, then," said Tommy. He rose and went to see where Jacobs had gone to, but no one took any notice of his movements.

"I shall have to dose you!" said Levallion, lightly. "Your nerves are all off. There's very little here, Chayter, I'd thought there was more. And it looks muddy!" He poured it out and glanced at it. Instead of being clearly green, it was a little clouded.

"Seems so, somehow!" Levallion sniffed it suspiciously.

"Smells of almonds." He raised the glass to his lips and tasted it, giving the bottle to Ravenel.

"Levallion!" Her shriek terrified them, born of unreasoning terror as it was. "Put it down, don't touch it!" Wildly, frantically, she tried to snatch the glass, but she was too late.

Levallion had mechanically swallowed the strangely flavored mouthful. He turned to her, smiling. "It's quite spoiled. You've——"

The empty bottle fell from her hand, crashed to atoms on the floor.

"Levallion!" she screamed, "speak to me!"

He swayed toward her, his handsome face convulsed; crashed, like a log, to the floor. As she sprang to him he struggled, his teeth clenched.

"We ought to have gone!" he gasped. "Ravenel—she's been too much for me!"

But when she would have lifted his head it dropped lifeless on her breast.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Read The Whole Story Now!

"THE Girl He Loved" will hold you entranced to the very end. It is a wonderful story by a wonderful writer. Regular installments will appear in COMFORT each month but you needn't wait in order to get the whole story as we will give you free the **complete story** in book form splendidly printed in a handsome colored paper bound edition. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents and we will send you a copy of the book free by mail postpaid. Don't wait for the installments. Read the whole story now by accepting this offer at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Also please tell me how to feed the hog to get best results. We are no farmers and know very little about farm work.
Mrs. L. S., St. Joseph, Mo.

A.—The agricultural experiment station at Columbia, Mo., will gladly send you bulletins on all phases of farming, dairying, stock raising and gardening, and you can also obtain useful Farmers' Bulletins on all such subjects by applying to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. You cannot do better than obtain and study such bulletins. Meanwhile, visit the dairy stable of a local dairyman or dairy farmer and watch him feed his stock and note what he feeds and how much. The rule is to feed one pound of mixed meals for each three and one half pounds of milk yielded by the cow. So weigh the milk. A good grade Holstein, Guernsey, Jersey or milking Shorthorn should suit your needs. The dairyman will tell you where to buy such a cow. The hog will need skim milk and meals in addition to table scraps and kitchen slop. What to feed will depend largely on cost price of feeds. Take local advice on such matters.

See The Wonders Of War Through The Pan-Chro Scope!

Magnified Life-Like Views Of Scenes And Events Of The Great World War Taken With The Camera! Fascinating As The Motion Pictures! Interesting! Instructive! Educational!

IF you have ever been to the "movies" and watched the magnificent spectacle of a fleet of Uncle Sam's huge battleships under full speed—or a thrilling infantry charge "over the top"—or gazed upon the melancholy ruins of a Belgian village—then you have some idea of what you see when you look at the same scene through the Pan-Chro Scope, only of course the objects are stationary—not moving.

The Pan-Chro Scope is a new invention—something like the stereoscope, but larger and more powerful, being fitted with twin stereo-lens of wonderful magnifying power. The war views are taken with a specially constructed double lens camera. On the back of each view is printed a complete and accurate description of the scene represented. You place the view in the Scope, adjust the focus to fit your eyes, and immediately you find yourself **face to face** with an astonishing lifelike scene that resembles a section of a moving-picture film. One moment you are on the deck of an American warship;—the next moment you are "somewhere in France" looking into a trench where an anti-aircraft gun is working; next you find yourself among the barbed wire entanglements in "No Man's Land;"—again you are watching fierce house-to-house fighting in a captured town, Belgian field artillery in action on the firing line, and many other scenes of **actual warfare** just as interesting and exciting.

The different views take you direct to Belgium, to France, or wherever the place may be, and show you the scenes just as plainly as though you were there yourself.

48 Views Free With The Scope!

New views for the Pan-Chro Scope are constantly coming out and we have made arrangements to send you a set of **forty-eight** views free with the Scope. Think of it! **Forty-eight genuine war views—all different.** Among them you will find such scenes as:

In a British Camp in France

Deep Trenches Bitterly Contested in Battle of Ypres.

French Military Camp Near Rheims.

Barbed Wire Entanglements Protecting German Trenches.

Allied Soldiers Firing From Trenches and Periscope in Use.

Anti-Aircraft Gun Being Worked in a Trench.

Fighting the Germans House to House.

Belgian City Leveled to the Ground by German Bombardment.

Belgian Field Artillery on the Firing Line, and many other scenes just as interesting and exciting—forty-eight of them in all.

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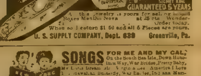

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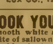

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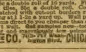
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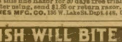

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Comfort's Home Lawyer

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. K. M. Q., Horton, Kans.—We think that if your agreement with the man for whom you stored the organ you mention, provided that you were to be paid for storage of the same, and he neglects or refuses to pay same, you should proceed through the proper proceeding to have this organ sold for the payment of the storage charges. We do not think you can acquire a good title to this organ without any further agreement than just the understanding to store same for the owner thereof.

Mrs. L. B., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow, but no children or descendants, his personal estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go one half to the surviving widow and the residue in equal shares to his next of kin who are in equal degree of relationship to the decedent, and to those who represent the ones who are dead, but that in case there are no next of kin, we think the widow would receive all the personal estate absolutely; money in bank would be personal property, and would be included in the personal estate.

Mrs. M. K., Illinois.—Under the laws of Ohio, we are of the opinion that when a husband or wife shall die intestate, or without issue, possessed of any real or personal property which came to said intestate from any former deceased husband or wife by deed of gift, by devise, or bequest, or which came to said former deceased husband or wife, otherwise than by descent, devise or deed of gift, then such estate, real and personal, shall be distributed to the children of such former deceased husband or wife (not the intestate) or the legal representative of such children, but if there are no children or their legal representatives living then such estate, real and personal, shall be distributed one half to the brother and sister of such intestate or their legal representatives, and one half to the brother and sister of such former deceased husband or wife from which such personal or real property came or their representatives. Of course, if the property you mention did not stand in your sister's name at the time she pre-deceased her husband, her relatives would at no time under any circumstances have any interest in the property. Your letter does not contain enough details for us to form an opinion as to just what your rights may be.

Worried Wife, Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that actions based upon an implied promise for the payment of money are barred by the statute of limitations after five years and that actions upon open accounts are barred within five years from the time of the last item of debit or credit. We think that in your state, children may be legally disinherited by will or that one child may receive a larger share than another. We think that in order to be valid a will must be legally drawn and executed, and must express the testator's true intent, that the testator must possess testamentary capacity and not be under undue influence of any other person.

Miss H. E., California.—We think it proper and meritorious for every young woman to take up and fit herself for some useful occupation. We think she should select the occupation most congenial to her for which she is capable of being fitted.

Mrs. E. S., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, her husband would be entitled to an interest in her estate; the amount of this interest would depend upon whether she leaves children or their descendants, and, if not, the degrees of relationship of her heirs-at-law and next of kin.

Mrs. M. L. P., Illinois.—We think there are workmen's compensation laws in your state covering compensation to workmen engaged in the building trades, constructive excavating and electrical work; transportation; mining and quarrying; work with or about explosives, molten metal, injurious gases or vapors, or corrosive acids, and all enterprises in which the law requires protective devices, and that other employees may elect to be governed by the compensation laws; that the compensation covers accidental injuries arising out of and in the course of employment causing permanent disfigurement, disability of over six working days, or death; that the persons compensated include those engaged in private employment in the above industries and all employees in such industries, except those not engaged in the usual trade or business of the employer; and that the laws also cover public employees in some cases; that the rate of compensation, in case of death to a person wholly dependent, shall be a sum equal to four years' earnings, but not less than $1650, with a graduated scale up to $4000, and with a graduated scale in case of disability.

Mrs. W. W., Kansas.—We think a will containing a proper power of sale of real estate by an executor therein named, would make the sale of real estate devised to a minor heir possible without the necessity of a court proceeding for such purpose.

F. A. M., North Dakota.—We think that your code provides for the method and procedure for the enforcement of your laws outside the court room, but that the conduct of the court room is regulated by the court rules; we think the space behind the bench and upon the platform is reserved to the judges and their officers and attendants, but that a judge has a legal right to allow others to sit beside him if he so desires; we think that in many court rooms there is space reserved for the attorneys.

Mrs. J. S., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if you have no means of support, and your husband beats you so that it is impossible to live with him, you are entitled to support from him, even though you leave him; we think that it will be necessary for you to bring a support action or proceeding in order to get a court judgment or order providing for this support; we think you will need the services of some lawyer in your locality to attend to the matter for you.

Mrs. J. L. D., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, unless otherwise stipulated, community of gains exist between husband and wife; that the husband is the head of the community and administers the property and can sell or mortgage without wife's consent; that if community is dissolved by death or otherwise, wife or her heirs are entitled to one undivided one half of the community property; that all earnings of both husband and wife go into the community; that the widow would have no interest in the separate real property of the husband, except dotal rights, in case he died before her leaving legitimate children, unless some provision was made for her by will.

C. F., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the property of a decedent, who leaves no will, and no widow or husband, no child or descendant, no parent, brother or sister, would descend to the next of kin claiming through the nearest ancestor; we think it impossible to trace just who would share and who would be excluded without tracing the relationship by a family tree; we think in some cases collateral adopted kindred would share in the property.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.—A western legislator once introduced a measure to prohibit window cleaners from stepping out on window sills above a certain height. When another prominent member of the legislature championed the odd bill, a friend asked him:

"Why the deuce did you support that measure?"

"Well," said the diplomatic member, "it wasn't that I care a cuss for the window cleaners in the state, but those fellows are apt to fall on pedestrians, and there are some good ones among us."—*Boston Post.*

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FIRST GRAND PRIZE

In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a $450.00, 1918 Model, Ford Touring Car as First Grand Prize and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. Each worker will be rewarded. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you at once **1,000 Free Votes** toward the $450. Ford Auto and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away several $40 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the Auto. Someone will get Ford Auto—WHY NOT YOU!
FARM LIFE, Dept. 454, SPENCER, IND.

VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

MUD FEVER.—My horse has something on his hind legs like a scab which is cracked. I can't heal it up. I have been told that it is mud fever or scratches.
H. D.

A.—Poultice the parts with warm flaxseed meal and bran for two or three days, then wash and dry perfectly. Afterwards do not wash legs again, but twice daily apply a lotion composed of four ounces of Goulard's extract, two ounces of glycerine and soft water to make one pint. Keep the horse out of wet and cold drafts in the stable.

FEEDING A BROOD SOW.—I would like to know a good ration for a brood sow, before and after farrowing time, when milk cannot be had.
F. S.

A.—During pregnancy, make the sow take exercise every day and feed her alfalfa hay, a little corn silage or roots and a light slop of wheat middlings, ground barley or rye and a little oil meal. To enforce exercise and keep the bowels active is imperative. For 24 hours after farrowing allow tepid water only, then a sloppy mash of same feeds as those given before farrowing, but very little of it for a week. If possible, make the slop of milk and provide green feed on pasture, such as alfalfa, clover, rape or rye, etc. Avoid stuffing on corn. If you wish to add a little tankage, which is excellent, give it from a self-feeder.

THRIFTLESS COW.—I have a cow four years old that laps water like a dog. She eats anything given her, but is thin in flesh. I have seen her stand at the pond and lap for an hour. What is the trouble and is there a cure?
MRS. L. M. S.

A.—An examination would be necessary in this case to determine why the cow cannot drink naturally. Possibly some deformity of the tongue, or disease is the cause, but we cannot determine that, and so you should have an examination made by a local veterinarian. Tuberculosis or actinomycosis of the glands of the throat is a possibility.

WARBLES.—I have a cow and she has what some call wolves in her back. Will you tell me how to get rid of them?
MRS. J. S.

A.—The "wolves" are "warbles"—larvæ or grubs—of the ox warble fly and cause misery, as well as greatly damaging the hide for leather. Squeeze out each mature grub by pressing down upon it with the open mouth of a large bottle, then destroy the grub. Wash the back with a two per cent. solution of coal tar dip, or carbolic acid.

CEREBRO SPINAL-MENINGITIS.—Please tell me what was the matter, and cause of death, with my horse I have lost. He was about thirteen years old, in good working order. He seemed to be very chilly during cold days. I found him down one morning in stall. Got him up and he ate about half his feed by bracing himself against the wall. Then he began throwing his head first at one side, then the other, striking the wall, or anything that might be in his way. Then fell to the ground and was quiet for an hour, then began to jerk and shiver, having a hard chill till he died. He appeared as though he had blind staggers. I fed corn, corn tops and fodder and some pea vine hay.
MRS. M. T.

A.—The disease mentioned in title of this answer is caused by micro-organisms in feed and perhaps most commonly in damaged corn or corn fodder. There is no specific remedy. Taken in time, a physic, followed by sedatives, may help, the horse to be supported in slings, but a qualified veterinarian is needed to give intelligent treatment. Prevention is all-important. No damaged feed ever should be fed to a horse, but cattle and hogs often take the feed that would kill a horse.

FORGING.—I have a four-year-old colt and every time new shoes are put on he hits his front shoes. (2) I have a horse and when he stands in the stable a few days his hind legs swell. I would like to know what to do.
A. F. Z.

A.—Set the hind shoes back an inch or so and then rasp off the toe. Bevel the toes of the fore shoes to cause quick rolling motion. Keep the horse "up on the bit" when driving and don't drive him until he is leg weary. (2) Never let any horse stand for a single day without work or exercise. Allow the horse a box-stall when in the stable and each time he comes in rub the leg dry and bandage with flannel from feet to hock joints.

THRUSH.—I have a mare twelve years old, whose front frogs are split up in the hair. Last fall I worked at heavy hauling. The local veterinary said that was the cause, as she was shod in front, and working on the dry road caused them to split. She does not limp, only at times she walks sore. What can I do for her? I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for fifteen years.
H. M.

A.—Cleanse the hoof and frog and cut away all loose, rotten or separated horn; then pack into the cracks, after cleansing thoroughly, a mixture of equal parts of calomel, tannic acid and slaked lime; apply pine tar freely and oakum on top. Repeat the treatment every three days. Keep the stall floor clean and dry and bed with shavings or sawdust.

BOG SPAVIN.—I have a mare that has a bog spavin on her leg. She is lame when she trots. What can I get to take it off? (2) I have a cow that came fresh with her first calf. The calf did not have any hair on its legs below the knees, nor on its nose.
B. F.

A.—As lameness is present, you should, if possible, have the hock joint line-fired and blistered by a qualified veterinarian and then tie the mare up short in a narrow stall for six weeks. If you cannot have that done, clip off the hair and blister the hock two or three times at intervals of three weeks while the mare is kept tied up. (2) The cow is diseased, probably, with tuberculosis, and so is dangerous. As she is unprofitable, and treatment would not be likely to pay, we should advise her destruction. It would, of course, be better to have a local graduate veterinarian make an examination and advise what should be done.

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Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants, free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5561. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Wheel Chairs in March

455 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I am pleased to note the increase in wheel-chair subscriptions the past month which enables me to award four wheel chairs for March.

The four March wheel chairs go to the following shut-ins, and the figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Lyle Bradley Gibson, West Lyon St., Mt. Pleasant, Mich., 200; Mrs. Caroline Naomi Alford, Waelder, Texas, 132; Mrs. Nathe Johnes, Blue Springs, Miss., 124; Oscar Eneas Lee, Sparta, Mo., 116.

Lyle Gibson, nine years old next May, is almost entirely helpless, caused by infantile paralysis which attacked him when a six months old babe. When moved he has to be carried. He is bright mentally, and the wheel chair will be a source of pleasure to him and a help to his mother in caring for him.

HOWARD CANNOY ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Mrs. Alford, age 32, has been an invalid for three years and is helpless from her hips down. She is the mother of five children. As she can use her arms she expects her wheel chair to be a great help and benefit to her.

Mrs. Johnes, age 56, is so crippled by rheumatism in her feet and legs that she is unable to stand. Her husband is sick and can not work; so they are dependent on their four sons, three of whom are going to war, as her friend Mrs. Price writes, leaving only the youngest, aged 18, at home.

Oscar Lee, age 9 years, has been a cripple from birth and his legs have never developed. He is a bright little fellow and will greatly enjoy his wheel chair.

I hope that in the next few months we shall be able to make up for the set-back which the severe winter has given our wheel-chair activities.

Is it not a real joy to feel that you have helped to bring happiness and cheer into the lives of such patient little sufferers as Howard Cannoy whose picture is reproduced above?

The letter of thanks from his mother is printed below, also our Roll of Honor for the month.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Very Much Pleased with His Wheel Chair

KINGSPORT, TENN.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

Howard received his chair in good condition, and is very much pleased with it. It will be a great help to me in taking care of him. I enclose a picture of him enjoying his wheel chair. I want to thank you and all those who helped me get it.

Truly yours,
MRS. R. A. CANNOY.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

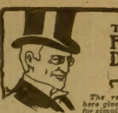
The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Miss Beulah Bloomer, for Oscar Eneas Lee, 116; Mrs. Lillie Price, Miss., for Mrs. Nathe Johnes, 74; Miss Myrtle E. Smith, Wash., for Leone Waldron, 64; Louise Carpenter, Miss., for own wheel chair, 53; Mrs. Fletcher Williams, Va., for George Leonard Williams, 50; J. D. Siddens, Texas, for Ernest Bankston, 43; Mrs. Nellie Gunn, Texas, for Mrs. Caroline Naomi Alford, 42; Unie Adams, Ga., for Alma Adams, 23; Lucye Basset, Ala., for Mrs. Mary Green, 22; Mrs. Edgar Mattheny, Ky., for Miss Ethel Tyson, 22; Willie Price, N. C., for own wheel chair, 21; Mrs. S. E. Whittington, La., for own wheel chair, 21; Lucye Somerset, Ala., for Mrs. Mary Green, 20; Mrs. J. S. Morefield, N. C., for Laura Hauser, 20; Mr. Frank Rierson, N. C., for Laura Hauser, 20; Mrs. Ruth S. Caldwell, Ark., for own wheel chair, 14; Mrs. S. M. Hunnicutt, N. C., for Hazel Hunnicutt, 14; James Chappell, Wash., for Leone Waldron, 14; G. A. Slough, N. C., for Hazel Hunnicutt, 9; Mrs. Tena Rubish, N. Dak., for Mrs. H. B. Newell, 9; Thomas Jefferson Mathis, La., for Mrs. S. E. Whittington, 9; Sergeant George Brown, Kans., for General, 8; Irene Hicks, Ark., for Elma Williams, 6; Mrs. M. Humes, Kans., for General, 6; Mrs. A. F. Parker, Okla., for Fred Parker, 5; Anna Gunther, Okla., for Lyle Gibson, 5; Mrs. Mary Cline, Texas, for Harlon Lane, 5.

BETTING ON A SURE THING.—The town boaster had just finished telling how good a shot he was with a rifle. The Oldest Citizen declared that he would bet a ten-spot that he couldn't hit a barn door at one hundred yards. Soon afterward the boastful young man returned from the vicinity of the barnyard with a disgruntled look.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked a friend. "Didn't you hit it?"

"Naw!" exclaimed the shooter. "He turned the door edgewise."—*Boston Post.*



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

M. E. D., Eagle, Colo.—A pastry-free diet, drinking freely of good water, and an occasional compound cathartic pill, should help you. If the aural vertigo continues, you should consult an ear specialist at once. Never put anything in the external ear smaller than the elbow, and never snuff anything up the nose for catarrh. Permanent injury can be done by either the use of hairpins in the external ear canal, or the snuffing up of borax in solution or any other remedy. Use only a good spray apparatus for administering remedies to the throat or nose, especially the latter.

W. J. C., Omaha, Nebr.—Lassar's Paste can be obtained at any druggist's. It should not be used in full strength, but diluted with vaseline at least one to four parts or more.

G. M. P., Rocklake, N. Dak.—The best remedy for smallpox is the use of a good vaccine, now obtainable by the local physician. We do not recall the remedy referred to in COMFORT.

W. F. L., Romance, W. Va.—The eruption referred to may be a mild form of psoriasis, so-called. The Lassar's Paste, referred to many times in COMFORT, might be tried.

"WORRIED."—The pains in shoulder blade and breasts are no doubt due in a measure to your age. If they are not too severe, wait a while and they will improve as you develop.

MISS E. G., Piedmont, Kans.—If you mean by paralysis, facial paralysis or Bell's palsy, of rheumatic origin, electricity and diet will cure it. Use the galvanic current only. Granulated lids may be due to the need of eye glasses. A weak ointment of yellow oxide of mercury applied at night will help the condition. Use only a one per cent. ointment, and apply only once a day.

MRS. M. G., Buchanan, Va.—A very good remedy for ringworm of the face or arms is the so-called Coster's paste. Iodine 120 grains and oil of tar one ounce. This is applied once a week only. (2) Whooping cough is a self-limited disease; there is no specific remedy for it. Complications only are to be considered and watched. Inhalations of creosote or eucalyptol are useful, a few drops of either being inhaled from boiled water. Where the paroxysms are severe, small doses of bromide of soda may be given—one grain to a dose,—dissolved in warm water. A well-ventilated room, plenty of sunlight and good hygienic surroundings generally are good treatment.

MRS. S. J. B., Salt Lake, Utah.—Your teeth should be attended to at once, as no doubt much of your intestinal trouble is caused by improper mastication of your food. You must also see that your bowels are regulated. The intestinal gas can be controlled by taking American Oil—a half-tablespoonful with your meals.

L. M. C., Parrottsville, Tenn.—Nervousness is only a symptom of deeper trouble. You should try some good out-of-door work or exercise. Possibly a change of climate and association would be of benefit. If you have eye strain, have this remedied by some competent oculist. If possible, try to forget or overcome the cause of your trouble.

MRS. A. H., Schoolfield, Va.—Your trouble is an enlarged lymphatic gland. The application of tincture of iodine two or three times a week might help you. If local remedies do no good, have it removed by an operation.

MRS. J. B. Sugar Run, Pa.—A powder composed of lycopodium, an ounce, and salicylic acid, four grains, might help you. Dust the powder in your stockings once a day. The pain in your shoulder blade does not indicate kidney trouble, but may suggest liver trouble. Maybe you eat too much pastry and do not drink enough water.

MRS. O. S., Carthage, Miss.—You can get cubeb berries at any drug store. If you have catarrh of the nose, Bobell's solution sprayed in the nostrils daily will help you and do much more good than the cubeb berries referred to.

MISS G. H., Minnesota Lake, Minn.—Acne rosacea as to cause is obscure, but in general it is due to gastro-intestinal disorder, uterine disease, use of too much tea and coffee or alcohol. Extract of the thyroid gland in grain doses is sometimes beneficial. The local application of the so-called compound lotio alba is also indicated. This lotion can be obtained at the local druggist's. This disease is no impediment to marriage, in fact marriage might be beneficial.

MRS. W. S. M., Midland, Pa.—Wash the scalp with some good tar soap after having applied some raw linseed oil to the scalp for twenty-four hours. After drying the hair, use a lotion composed of grain alcohol, one ounce, rose water, one ounce, and five grains of resorcin. Apply this lotion sparingly twice a week only.

MRS. J. S., Fremont, Ohio.—There is only one way to get rid of superfluous hair, and that is by the employment of the electric needle, each hair being treated separately. This must be done only by a competent specialist.

E. F. M., Johnstown, Pa.—You can only reduce your weight by dieting, exercise in the open and salt water bathing. Every other day eat only a limited amount of food, and two or three times a week live only on skimmed milk, using only one quart per day in divided quantities—say one tumblerful four times a day. One pound of Rochelle salts in your bath will also help. Use a prolonged hot bath with the addition of the salts.

MRS. J. W., St. Paul, Minn.—The faucets may be connected with some electric current in the house, and you get a slight discharge from the faucet in this way. The tickling of the thigh may be simply a hyperesthesia of the region.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

my husband will pinch her little cheeks and pull her little nose and keeps her fretting all the time. I wish the sisters would advise me how to break him of his mischievous doings. His business takes him away from me a lot of the time but I think we have got along very well considering the high prices and hard times. I think we all ought to thank God that we get along as well as we do and pray that the war will soon end. My husband is only twenty years of age but I fear he will have to go before the war ends.

Best wishes to all the sisters,
MRS. M. F. PAINTER.

Mrs. Painter.—When that irresponsible husband of yours grows up perhaps he will know better than to annoy that poor, little helpless baby—provided it lives until that time and escapes being a nervous wreck. Some time when he is tired and sleepy, try pinching his cheeks and pulling his nose and see how he likes it.—Ed.

KENTUCKY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have never written to COMFORT before but since seeing the letter from "A Soldier's Sweetheart," I cannot wait any longer. I have a very dear sweetheart who is in the army. It was very hard to give him up but I did not shed any tears. I think my grief was beyond that. When he first left, I used to write and tell him how terribly lonely I was without him, but I've learned better and try to write encouraging letters. He is not a Christian and before he left he asked me to pray for him and has made the same request in his letters and there is never a day passes but that I pray for the Lord to save his soul and if it be His will, bring him safely back to me and I truly believe he will be spared to me. If he does not I shall die single.

I am twenty-three years old, have black hair and dark blue eyes; five feet, four inches tall and weigh one hundred and eighty-five pounds, so you see I am too heavy for my heighth.

With best wishes to all, PINIE.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

To take the shine from black garments, try rubbing the spots with a piece of raw Irish potato.

To prevent starch from sticking, add a little coal oil. MRS. C. C. SMITH, Guntersville, Ala.

Wax for sealing bottles and jars may be made at home by melting together equal parts of resin and beef suet or tallow.

TO SOUR MILK QUICKLY.—Add a teaspoonful of vinegar to a quart of milk and it will sour in half the time it usually takes. MRS. F. W. MERRITT.

Remedies

A little sugar moistened with vinegar and placed in the mouth will stop hiccoughs.

For soft corns, bind on a piece of light bread, soaked in vinegar. MRS. E. H. STEED, Berthond, Colo.

A tablespoonful of ground sage and sugar given to children on an empty stomach is said to cure hook worms.

Requests

Descriptive letters from New Mexico.

Directions for making a two-section fireless cooker.

How to raise walnut and hickory trees from planting nuts.

Mrs. Harry Bailey, Rendville, Ohio, would like poem, "The Famished Heart."

Will anyone having experience with pellegra please write me. MRS. J. A. HUGHES, Men, R. R. 1, Ark.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

News of Winfield Scott Allen, formerly of Jersey City, and of Mary Van Horn (maiden name). Write to Mrs. Margaret Allen Earle, Paterson, 28 Sheridan Ave., N. J.

News of William, John or Maggie McLavey, who lived near Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, about 1867. Reward. Mrs. Barbara McLavey Workman, Lavalette, W. Va.

Information of Mrs. Winnie L. Clark, who was in McCook, Nebraska, October, 1913. Send to Truman King, Fresno, Route A. California.

Comfort Post Card Requests

The following would like to correspond with other subscribers for the exchange of souvenir post cards.

Miss Anna Yogmen, 409 W. Fourth St., Spring Valley, Ill. Miss Ruby Munn, R. R. 1, Silver Creek, Ga. Miss Josephine Dyer, 213 North Pearl St., Trenton, Texas. Mr. Henry Priebe, Box 222, Kent, Ohio. Miss Ruby Taylor, Winnsboro, La. Mrs. Grace E. Whisner, Box 145, Verona, Pa.

Let Us Give You A Garden Of Roses!

YES, you can have a rose garden next summer—one that you will be **proud** of. In it you can have roses of all varieties and all colors—from the beautiful, **bright, cherry pink** of the charming "Lady Gay" to the larger, magnificent, deliciously fragrant **double blossoms** in glorious shades or **red, white, crimson and golden yellow.**

This very minute cannot you see, in your mind's eye, these fresh blooming beauties growing luxuriantly beside the fence, along the walk, climbing in delightful profusion up the side of your house or porch, or forming a rich, brilliantly shaded canopy over the doorway? Can not you imagine the pleasure of going out and cutting great **loads** of these beautiful fragrant flowers—as many as you want—any time you want them?

Their Colors Are Gorgeous —Their Fragrance Delightful

THEIR wealth of blossoms will transform your home surroundings into a flowery paradise. And all this pleasure can be yours with really less effort that it takes for us to write this offer and place it before you. By special arrangement with the largest and best known florists in the United States COMFORT offers you **twelve** of the finest Hardy Everblooming Roses in cultivation—and to insure your **complete** success in growing them we will also send you special printed instructions on their planting and culture. There are eight different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the **prize** of its class, noted for its hardy vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright clean foliage. You should have no trouble at all in growing them. They will thrive in any good garden soil if given a little care and attention. Each bush is one year old and in a **growing condition** when delivered to you. With the exception of the climber, all of them should bloom soon after planting.

No matter in what part of the country you live our florists will send the bushes at the proper time to plant according to the schedule printed herewith. You will receive the bushes, packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we **guarantee** that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** Following are brief descriptions of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Please read them and remember that it is not too early to send in your order **today.** You will receive the bushes at precisely the right time for planting.

WHEN TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude	of	Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after Feb.	1
"	"	Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	" Mch.	1
"	"	Wash., Tenn., Va.,	" "	15
"	"	Nev., Kans., Mo.,	" Apr.	1
"	"	Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	" "	15
"	"	Mont., Mich., N. Y., N. E. States.	" May	1

These Roses Will Bloom And Bloom All Summer!

Mrs. Folly Hobbs

A DELICATE **ivory white** rose—one of the most delightful and showiest of recent years and absolutely distinct—there is no other white rose quite like it. Its rich green foliage is unusually thick and close set, forming a plant of rare beauty. Its fragrance is superb and it produces an abundance of large magnificent blossoms with thick shell-shaped petals on long stiff stems.

Etoile De Lyon

THIS is a deep **golden yellow** rose, marvelously rich and pure, with an exquisite fragrance. The blossoms are beautifully formed, large, full and double and of splendid substance—the texture being very thick and lasting. It is an unusually strong grower, quickly forming a stout hardy bush and producing a profusion of glorious flowers on long stems all summer. Grace of form, charm of color and vigor of growth are three characteristics which make this one of the finest roses ever offered.

Rosemary

A RICH **silvery pink** rose that is as beautiful as its name. It is very vigorous and hardy, will withstand all extremes of climate and quickly forms a handsome shapely bush the first season planted. It flowers practically all the time—from early spring until late fall—producing masses of blossoms brilliant in effect and exquisitely lovely, but most difficult to describe.

Meteor

FOR an intense rich, velvety **crimson**, there is no other rose to compare with this splendid new variety. It represents a new color in its class and is fast becoming the greatest of all crimson roses for home cultivation. It is always in bloom and its large, handsome double flowers are produced in great quantities. It is a hardy plant with a vigorous rapid growth and its numerous charms will delight you.

Red Letter Day

A NEW prize-winning **crimson** rose of rare beauty. Its velvety, glowing scarlet buds and flowers which are without a tinge of purple are produced on long stems freely and continuously. Its beautiful dark green foliage and profuse blooming qualities combined with absolute hardiness make this one of the finest roses for massing and bedding ever produced.

Lady Gay

ONE of the finest climbing roses ever grown, producing a perfect riot of bloom in large clusters of a beautiful **bright cherry pink** color. Hardy as an oak, it grows canes from twelve to fifteen feet in length in one season and so is admirably suited for training around porches, pillars, trellises and walls. Both flowers and foliage are of excellent substance and withstand unfavorable conditions better than any other variety. The blossoms retain their bright color and luster as long as the season lasts.

Red La France

A DEEP, warm-glowing **red rose.** There is no other like it, either in growth or beauty. It is the ideal garden rose, thriving to perfection in any soil under the most adverse conditions. The blossoms are marvels of loveliness, composed of heavy satiny petals and stand out well from the plant, giving it a most regal appearance. This variety is the finest of all garden roses.

My Maryland

THIS is a great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness and as such is greatly admired by all true lovers of flowers. It has an indescribable charm that is all its own. Its color is a brilliant, lively shade of **pink** which gradually deepens as the flower expands until the whole bush fairly glows with warm, rich color and delightful fragrance. In this rose you have the rare combination of a poetic name and exquisite beauty.

12 One-Year-Old Bushes Sent You For A Club Of Three!

Our Offer Of 12 Bushes! For **three** one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each (75 cents in all) we will send you **twelve** of the above described Rose Bushes (8 different varieties) free by parcel post prepaid. They will be forwarded to you direct from the florist at the proper time for planting in your locality. **Premium No. 7773.**

Our Offer Of 8 Bushes! For **two** one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each (50 cents in all) we will send you **eight** of the above described Rose Bushes (8 different varieties) free by parcel post prepaid. They will be forwarded to you direct from the florist at the proper time for planting in your locality. **Premium No. 8602.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Steady Income Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Address Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 462-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Agents—Make Big Money. The best line of food flavors, perfumes, soaps and toilet preparations, etc. ever offered. Over 500 light weight, popular priced, quick selling necessities—in big demand—well advertised—easy sellers—big repeaters. Over 100% profit. Complete outfit furnished free to workers. Just a postal today. American Products Co., 4915 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Remnant Store, 1610 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Agents. I want twenty men and women to act as my agents and take orders for fast selling Goodyear raincoats. We deliver and collect. Sample coat and Outfit Free. Write quick for wonderful offer. Goodyear Manufacturing Company, Department 228, Kansas City, Mo.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturer offers permanent position supplying regular customers at mill prices in home town. $50.00 to $100.00 monthly. All or spare time. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

New Patriotic Pictures. "Pershing in France," "Duty Calls," "Her Sacrifice," "Berlin or Bust," Sample free. Also portrait catalog. Consolidated Portrait Co., Station CC, Chicago.

Agents Have a Permanent Profitable Business with our waists, skirts, house dresses, aprons, rompers, children's dresses, and raincoats. Send for particulars. Hamilton & Co., Inc., Dept. C4:394 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: Sell full line of guaranteed hosiery bought at old prices. Big profits. Sell for less than in stores. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3219 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Get Davis' 1918 Prosperity Offer—Best in 21 years—Our Food, Soap and Toilet Goods cut store prices ⅓ to ½. Everybody buys to lower living cost. E. M. Davis, Dept. 505, 910 Lake St., Chicago.

Agents: Big Hit: Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value $6.00. You sell housewives for only $1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up $10.00 to $20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. 5. American Aluminum Mfg. Co. Lemont, Ill.

Sells Like Hot Cakes. Big profits. New ironing wax Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Perfume-Gloss 13A. Water St., N. Y.

Agents: Only those of ability need apply. Splendid offer for right man. Non Alcoholic Drinks, extracts, perfumes sold on new plan. Arrow Products Co., Peoria, Ill.

Sell Insyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires double mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

$50 A Week Up. All The Free Clothes You Want To Wear simply to advertise us. Write today for self-measuring blanks, style charts, big book of samples, etc. Send no money. A postal card brings all. We pay expressage on everything. American Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 407, Chicago.

Agents clearing hundreds weekly. New Washing compound. Wonderful seller. Big repeater. Natures cleanser. Send for proof; Free sample. Z. Mitchell, 1314 E. 61st. St., Chicago.

Agents—A New One! Harper's Fibre Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; big profits; first order returnable, Harper Brush Wks, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

New Invention. Gas Fire in wood or coal stoves from coal oil. Retails $12.00 Agents coining money Free territory. Simplex Gas Plants Co., 9 S. Clinton Street Chicago.

How Much Gasoline can you sell at 2c per gallon? World tests for three years to prove it. Secure exclusive rights for your county. "Carbonvoid," Bradley Beach, N. J.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experienced or inexperienced. Send for our valuable free book "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success like thousands of our members have done. Our Course combines careful training with practical experience. Immediate and unlimited Employment Service rendered Members. Address nearest office. Dept. 103, Natl Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago, San Francisco, New York.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461 St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED

$16.75 Raincoat Free. Big Profit Paid in Advance. Men and women to sell "Quality Brand" guaranteed raincoats, direct from factory. Sample outfit free. Quality Raincoat Co., 102 D Fifth Ave., New York.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 1524 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Favori Chemical Co., 519 North St., Dayton, O.

Agents Wanted, to sell Peerless Polish the great varnish food for Automobiles and Pianos. You can make from $2.00 to $6.00 per day. Each bottle is guaranteed, sample bottle 25c. Peerless Polish Co., Altoona, Pa.

Agents. Ladies and Men make money. Free sample with first dozen. Light, easy to carry. Write. Mohler, Box 455, Chicago.

Reliable people wanted—place our Orangeade in stores and appoint agents. In powder, just add cold water; 10 glasses 10c postpaid with particulars. Morrissey Co., 4411-25 Madison, Chicago.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, Pennants. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk S-5, Chicago, Ill.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

Cash Paid For Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs, etc. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

Wanted—Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Woman's Nat'l Magazine, Desk 188, Wash., D.C.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Writer's Service, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

HELP WANTED

Thousands Gov't war jobs open. Men—Women wanted. $100 month. Write for list. Franklin Institute Dept. N 12, Rochester, N.Y.

Railroads Want Traffic Inspectors. Pay $125 to $200 mo.; all expenses, advancement; 3 mos. home study; booklet L48 free. Frontier Preparatory School, Buffalo, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Thousands Government War positions open to women. $100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 62, Omaha, Neb.

Women,—Be Dress Designers.—$25. Week. Earn while learning. Lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 860, Rochester, N. Y.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 20c for patterns and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Shops, 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED

Foremen, Shopmen and Officemen wanted to work spare time as special representative of large, well-known mail-order house, selling Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry on Credit. Liberal commissions and exclusive sales rights granted. No investment or deposit required for outfit or samples. Write at once for details. Address S. D. Miller, Dept. 41, Agency Division, Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Government Pays $900 to $1800 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, [illegible] J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, 8 hours, $140. Colored Porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 898 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Thousands of Men and Women wanted for government service. War has caused unprecedented demand in every branch. No matter what you are now doing, you can improve your condition and get a government position, good pay, steady employment, as well as perform a very patriotic duty to your country. Qualify now, get into this war activity. Our war bulletin R A 2004 gives full information. Write today stating age, occupation, citizenship and position preferred. Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks For Sale, 16 varieties, thousands per week, strong, healthy, batched circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. G., New Washington, Ohio.

Day Old Chicks. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box K-28, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

MISSOURI FARM LAND

Small Missouri Farm. $10 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger, D 104, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

ARIZONA LAND

Get A Farm Irrigated By Uncle Sam in Salt River Valley, southern Arizona, under Roosevelt Dam. Raise alfalfa for feeding cattle and sheep. Raise vegetables and fruits for early Eastern market. Buy land now, before it costs more. Deep soil, assured water, reasonable prices, fine winter climate. Write for our Salt River Valley folder free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1946 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS FARMS

150 Acre Dairy Farm $3500, 10 Cows, Pr. Horses, Hay, tools and machinery included by aged owner if taken soon. Easy terms to right man. 25-cow pasture, 100 acres fertile tillage, abundance apples, wood and timber. Maple sugar grove. Good 8-room house, 20-cow barn, poultry and ice houses. On good road in beautiful prosperous farming section. Details page 20, Strout's Bargain Catalogue. Copy mailed free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 3027, 150 Nassau St., New York.

MICHIGAN FARM LAND

Rich Soil in Kalkaska, Antrim and Charlevoix Counties, Michigan. Fine for wheat, oats, corn, clover and alfalfa. Good roads, schools and markets. Healthful climate. 20, 40 or 80 acres at $15 to $30 per acre. Small down payment. Balance monthly or yearly. You buy direct from owner. Wage earners become independent. Write for big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FARMS FOR SALE

Do You Want A Farm where largest profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as $15 to $25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. Development Service, Room 19, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

MISSOURI LANDS

Poor Man's Chance—$5 down $5 Monthly buys 40 acres productive land Sunny South Mo. healthy location price $200 other bargains. Box 425-Y, Carthage, Mo.

PHOTO FINISHING

Films developed free. High class work. perfect prints at 3 to 7c. We do the best work in the Photo City. Remit with your order and get returns same day. Bryans Drug House, Rochester, N. Y.

Developing, Printing, Enlarging. Quality and service guaranteed at reasonable rates. Price list by request. Klever Kamera Kraft, 525 West 180th Street, New York City.

Kodak Prints 3c Each Any Size. Post cards 4c each. Films developed 5c. L. Loney, Hartford City, Ind.

Photo Finishing—We develop any roll of film for 10c and any pack for 20c. We print No. 2 Brownie, No. 2A Brownie at 3c each. Post card size 4c each. Write to us for complete price list and further information. The Coster Photo Supply Co., 19 E. 8th., Holland, Mich.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Mail Us 10c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Best material. Skilled operators. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Be Independent. Chiropractic Doctors earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly; work for yourself; this good paying profession quickly learned by correspondence; low rates; easy terms; Illustrated Book and Charts free. American University, 169 Manierre Building, Chicago.

Get Your Shirts & furnishings at wholesale. Also make good money as commission agent. Every man buys. Send 15c for Pocket Outfit. Goodell & Co., 311 Duratex Bldg., N. Y.

Build Phonographs at home and make fine profits. We furnish motors, tonearms, blue prints and full instructions. Let us start you in business. Send 3c stamp for particulars. Choraleon Co., 1504 Monger Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

TOILET ARTICLES

Kremola makes the skin Beautiful. The auto woman's greatest favorite. A wonderful skin bleach. By mail $1.25. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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Cash for Inventions and patents. Square deal assured. Send sketch or patent to Fisher Mfg. Co., 2091 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

AUTO SUPPLIES

Power Increased; Carbon Eliminated; results guaranteed. Write for folder C6. Automobile Accessories Co., Baltimore, Md.

MOTORCYCLES

Motorcycles all makes $25.00 up, Bicycles $8.00 up, Motor Wheels and attachments $25.00 up. Repairing. Write for big Bargain Bulletin. American Motor Cycle Co., Chicago, Ill.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

Old Coins of all Kinds. From $1.00 to $1000.00 cash paid for some to 1912. Keep all old money. Send 4c. Get Large Illustrated Coin Circular. You have nothing to lose. Send now. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Texas.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No unsightly-cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. J. Lotz, 323 Fourth Ave., New York.

PIANO SHEET MUSIC

Four Best War Songs, "Liberty Bell Ring Again," "Joan of Arc," "Send Back Daddy To Me," "America Here's My Boy" 15c. each all four 50c. Broadway Music Service, 1482 Broadway, New York.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents. Write for List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Patents advertised free. We assist inventors to sell inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. Send sketch or model for actual search and report—1918 Edition 90 Page Patent Book Free. Geo. P. Kimmel, 27-D Oriental Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Invent Something. Your Ideas May bring wealth. Send Postal for Free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4206 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Four books with hundreds of inventions wanted sent free. I help you market your invention. Advice Free. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Wash. D. C.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$100 to $200 Profit Weekly. Complete Moving Picture Outfit, furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 2-A 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

Canny Andy

Andrew Carnegie was once asked which he considered to be the most important factor in industry—labor, capital, or brains? The canny Scot replied with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"—*Christian Register.*

Precedent

"Have you ever had any experience in this business before?"

"No, sir."

"Ever thought anything about it?"

"No sir."

"And yet you want me to appoint you general manager of this company. Where did you get the idea?"

"Well, you know that's the way our Government appoints its Cabinet officers."—*Life.*

No Lawyer Needed

An Atlanta lawyer tells of a newly qualified judge in one of the towns of the South who was trying one of his first criminal cases. The prisoner was an old negro charged with robbing a hen-coop. He had been in court before on a similar charge and was then acquitted.

"Well, Henry," observed the Judge, "I see you're in trouble again."

"Yessuh," replied the negro. "De las' time, Jedge, you rec'lect, you was mah lawyuh."

"Where is your lawyer this time?"

"I ain't got no lawyer dis time," said Henry. "Ah's gwine to tell de troof."—*Oregon Journal.*

Bryan's Lost Chances

When William J. Bryan made one of his earliest speeches his mother was present and he girded up his eloquence particularly for the occasion. When he finished he asked:

"Well, mother, what did you think of it?"

"Why, William," quietly answered the mother, "it seemed to me you didn't improve all your opportunities."

"How do you mean, mother?" asked Bryan.

"Why it seemed to me," said the mother, "that you had several opportunities to sit down before you did."—*Boston Post.*

Willing to Explain

Staff Colonel—"Your reports should be written in such manner that even the most ignorant may understand them."

Sergeant—"Well, sir, what part is it that you don't understand?"—*Christian Register.*

All Doubt Removed

The enterprising company in the Sedan had decided to lay a railway into the wilds, and, of course, many blacks were employed in its construction.

One day the telegraph clerk at the nearest civilized spot received a telegram from the negro foreman of the railway constructors:

"White boss dead. Shall I bury him?"

"Yes," wired back the clerk. "But first make sure that he is quite dead. Will send another white boss tomorrow."

A few hours later another telegram came from foreman:

"Buried boss. Made sure he was quite dead. Hit him on the head with a large shovel."—*Irish World.*

Not So "Loony" After All

Although the notice plainly stated that fishing was prohibited there, the angler sat placidly dangling his line over the stream.

The irate keeper, who approached him, was surprised to see that the line was baited with a potato. In an amused voice he asked the intruder what he was doing.

"Fishing," was the reply. "You see, my health has been upset by financial worries, and I came down here to see if fresh air would help me."

Thinking that perhaps the poor chap was mentally afflicted, the keeper went away without denouncing him.

That evening the keeper was in the local tavern, telling his friends about the potato-baited line, when in walked the intruder.

"Any luck?" said the innkeeper kindly.

"Oh, fair!" was the reply, as the fisherman opened his basket and displayed a fine catch.

"Look here," stormed the infuriated keeper, "you didn't catch that lot with a potato."

"Oh, no!" said the angler coolly. "That was what I caught you with."—*Chicago Journal.*

Classified News

The politician rushed past the official Cerberus into the editorial sanctum.

"What do you mean?" he roared. "What do you mean by insulting me as you did in last night's *Clamor*?"

"Just a moment," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us, namely, that you had resigned as City Treasurer?"

"It did. But you put it under the head 'Public Improvements.'"—*Sacramento Bee.*

The Noble Weaker Sex

The weaker sex
Is that portion
Of the human race
Who goes down-town
In zero weather
In a half-masted lace waist
And pumps
To buy a muffler
And woolen socks
For her husband
So he can go to work.

—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Let's All Get Married

"Well, what sort of wedding presents did you get, girlie—the usual assortment of berry-spoons and pickle-forks?"

"Not on your esteemed life. I got a sack of potatoes, four dozen fresh eggs, a pound of sugar, a ton of coal and a Liberty bond."—*Boston Post.*

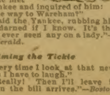
Fortunate Author

"Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story, 'A Modern Husband.'"

"Congratulations, young man. From whom did you get the money?"

"From the express company. They lost it."—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

Puzzling Query



Dr. Mary Walker, known the country over for her devotion to masculine dress, which she maintains is far more comfortable than skirts are, was once taking a stroll along the road to Wareham, a Massachusetts town near Buzzard's Bay, where Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson had lived. On the road she met a native Yankee and inquired of him:

"Is this the way to Wareham?"

"Well," said the Yankee, rubbing his eyes. "I'm darned if I know. It's the first time I ever seen any on a lady."—*Louisville Herald.*

Timing the Tickle

Hub—"Every time I look at that new hat of yours I have to laugh."

Wifey—"Really! Then I'll leave it around when the bill arrives."—*Boston Transcript.*

Ruptured?—

Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Soundly Cured

At the Age of 81

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Less than a year ago I sent to you for an appliance which came promptly. I at once put it on and it fitted perfectly. I have worn the appliance not quite 10½ months. *It has cured my rupture.*

I tried the other day while the appliance was off, to see if I could force anything out of the opening to make a break there but I could not though I tried hard.

Now I think this quite remarkable as I am in my eighty-first year. I am an old veteran of the Civil War, born and raised in the town of New Boston, State of New Hampshire, from which place I enlisted in the 10th N. H. Vol. Inft. in Co. C, commanded by Col. M. T. Donahue.

I cannot feel but that I owe you this testimony for I had never expected to be cured. However, thanks be to God I found a cure through the valuable appliance you made for me.

Your friend

Holly Hill, Fla. E. A. Richards

Cured Without Operation

"Was Sure He Would Be a Cripple"

Ada, Minn.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed is a picture of my children, and the little man you see seated on the chair is the one who was cured by your Appliance.

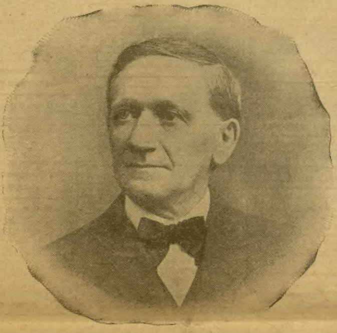
He had been ruptured quite a while before we wrote you, and I was sure that he would be a cripple the rest of his life. However, some helping hand showed me an ad. in a newspaper, with the result that he was in perfect health through the wearing of a Brooks Appliance for just three months.

The doctor advised an operation, which I would not consent to. Your advice was to put an Air Cushion Appliance on him, and I must say that it is worth ten times what it cost.

I wish you could have seen him before we used the Appliance and now, when he is fully as sound as anyone could be.

I cannot thank you too much for what you have done for my boy.

Yours respectfully,
OLIVER HANSON.



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

Cured In Three Months

Salem, Ohio.
430 Cleveland Ave.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brooks:

I am sending you a small picture of my son, who is now five years old.

We ordered your Appliance for him when he was only two months old, and yet want to say in about three months all signs of rupture were gone, and he is some boy today.

I shall be very glad to say a good word for you whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Yours very truly,
T. A. McLAIN.

Veteran Cured

Mr. Wm. McAdams, of Kansas, Ill. is a veteran of Co. "H" 59, Regt. Ill. Vol. of which he was Second Lieutenant.

He has fought against the suffering and torment of Rupture for years and has finally won the victory as the following brief letter tells

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I laid your appliance aside March 2nd and have not worn it for twenty-five days, for I think that I am cured. I hope that I may never have to wear it again.

Yours truly,
Wm. McAdams, Sr.,
Kansas, Ill.

Doctor Pronounces Him Cured

119 Towle Avenue,
Mishawaka, Ind.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brooks:—

Answering your letter, will say we need no more Appliances, as our son has been completely cured by wearing your Appliance.

We recently had him examined, and the doctor said the opening was entirely closed and that it wasn't necessary to wear it longer.

Thanking you for your kindness. I am,

Yours very truly,
MRS. H. TOLLMAN.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. *All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money* can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON

80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Free Information Coupon

Mr. C. E. BROOKS,
157 B State St., Marshall, Michigan

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name ....

Address ....

R. F. D. .... City .... State ....